

FLORENCE M. BOYER:

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA—MY HOME FOR SIXTY YEARS

Interviewee: Florence M. Boyer

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Description

A native of Redlands, California, Florence M. Boyer was born in 1890 to Charles P. and Delphine Anderson Squires. When the builders of the San Pedro-Los Angeles-Salt Lake railroad began their promotion of Las Vegas, Nevada, as a stopping place on their road, Charles P. Squires moved his family to the new townsite. There, he became one of the mainstays of Clark County, engaging in business as a hotel keeper, businessman, and newspaper editor. His wife became a civic leader, clubwoman, and feature writer for local newspapers. Florence Boyer thus knew of the development of southern Nevada almost from its beginning. She aided in that development as a housewife, teacher, newspaperwoman, and county clerk from 1921 to 1927.

The memoir recorded by Mrs. Boyer includes a history of the Squires family, reminiscences of early settlers in Clark County, details of everyday life in southern Nevada, accounts of her careers, sketches of various local figures, and a philosophical conclusion.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Florence M. Boyer is a native of Redlands, California, the daughter of Charles P. and Delphine Anderson Squires. When the builders of the San Pedro, Los Angeles, and Salt Lake railroad began their promotion of Las Vegas, Nevada, as a stopping place on their road, Charles P. Squires moved his family to the new townsite. There, he became one of the mainstays of Clark County, engaging in business as a hotel keeper, businessman, and newspaper editor. His wife became a civic leader, clubwoman, and feature writer for local newspapers. Mrs. Boyer thus knew of the development of southern Nevada almost from its beginning. She aided in that development as a housewife, teacher, newspaperwoman, and County Clerk (1921-1927).

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies, Florence Boyer accepted graciously. She was an enthusiastic and cooperative interviewee through the five taping sessions conducted at her home in Las

Vegas between March 4 and March 11, 1966. Speaking from notes, leafing through family scrapbooks and manuscripts, and recounting her memories, Mrs. Boyer displayed a desire to record in detail the lives of the pioneers of the Las Vegas region.

The memoir recorded by Florence Boyer includes a history of the Squires family, reminiscences of early settlers in Clark County, details of everyday life in southern Nevada, accounts of her careers as a teacher, newspaperwoman, and Clark County Clerk, sketches of various local figures, and a philosophical conclusion.

The Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies attempts to preserve the past and the present for future research by tape recording the life histories of persons who have played important roles in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Nevada and the West Collection of the University of Nevada Library. Permission to cite or quote

from Florence Boyer's oral history may be obtained from the Center for Western North American Studies.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, 1967

INTRODUCTION TO THE SQUIRES FAMILY

My father, Charles Pember Squires was born in Waterloo, Wisconsin, May 22, 1865. His father, Dr. James P. Squires, had served as surgeon to the Union Army during the Civil War. Having been discharged from the Army some months prior, Squires lived temporarily in several Midwest towns until 1870, when he settled in Austin, Minnesota.

He was a typical old-time family doctor. His horse and buggy were a familiar sight in and around Austin in those days. The winters were extremely cold and many a mile he drove through the snow to take care of his patients. A few years ago, some of the family found some of his old account books with such items as "John Smith, house call, \$1," "James Jones, delivering baby, load of wood," or "a sack of potatoes" or "three chickens."

I've heard my father tell of a terrible epidemics of scarlet fever or diphtheria, which occurred almost every winter. They took the lives of so many small children. My father lost three brothers and a sister in such an epidemic and was left with deafness in one ear as a result of diphtheria.

His mother died when my father was quite a small child. Not too long afterward, Dr. Squires married his deceased wife's niece, Emily Albright, who was always "Grandma all of us. They had a daughter, Helen, five or six years later and a son, Victor, some years after that.

Pop attended schools in Austin, graduating from the Austin High School with the class of 1883. We found the account of his graduation in an old newspaper clipping. There was a class of ten—seven girls and three boys. The subject of Charles Squires' oration was "The Influence of a Sunbeam." His first job after his graduation was as a schoolteacher in a rural school in Austin at a salary of \$35 per month.

He became interested in politics, and as his father was an ardent Republican, of course, he joined the Republican Party. At nineteen, he was instrumental in forming a marching club to further the candidacy of James C. Blaine, for whom he voted at that early age. Although it was generally conceded that Blaine would win the election, the unfortunate "rum, Romanism, and rebellion"

speech a few days before the election gave the victory to Grover Cleveland.

My Aunt Helen suffered with asthma since she was a small child and, as the attacks became more severe and more frequent, the family decided to move to Southern California. So, in 1887, they made the big move. After trying a number of the small California communities, they chose Redlands, California, as their home. During all the seventy-six years she lived in Redlands, she never had an attack of asthma. She was one of the dearest and most unforgettable characters I have ever known. She became engaged to Fred Waite in 1891. He was building a home for them and they had set the wedding date. An epidemic of pneumonia took first her father's life, and shortly afterwards, Fred died. She asked that he be buried in the family plot with a place reserved for herself beside him. Seventy-two years later, in April, 1963, she was laid to rest in this grave. My mother, Delphine Anderson Squires, was born in Portage, Wisconsin, on January 8, 1868. Her parents were James Anderson and Mary Annice McWhorter Anderson. At the time the Andersons were living in Portage, the home of Mrs. Anderson's parents, Milo and Jeanette Riddell McWhorter. McWhorter was the publisher of the local newspaper, and owned a farm close to town.

James Anderson and Mary had been engaged in the '50's when he was lured by the gold rush in California, and made the trip around the Horn to join other thousands who were seeking their fortune. The fortunes did not materialize but he did bring from California silver, from which he had a dozen silver teaspoons made with the name "Mary Annice" engraved on the handles. These teaspoons were a precious family possession until the year 1958. After my father's death,

when Mother came to live with us, we packed my mother's silver and dishes with some outside help. During the packing the silver teaspoons disappeared and have never been found, much to our grief. After Anderson's return from California in 1861 they were married. My grandfather left almost immediately to join the Union Army in the War between the States. He did not return until the war was over. He spent three months in Libby Prison and fifteen months in the dread Andersonville Prison. His reminiscences of the time he spent there were horrifying. Food was scarce and practically uneatable. The flour and meal were full of weevil and what little meat they had was full of maggots. My grandfather attributed his survival to the fact that he and a friend were put on burial detail so they got outside the walls every day. Each prisoner was issued one blanket. Grandfather and his friend made a small tent out of one blanket and slept under the other. Because of the absence of any fresh vegetables or fruits, the prisoners were dying of scurvy. About ten feet inside the prison walls was a line. If any prisoner stepped over the line he was shot instantly. Many prisoners, unable to endure their misery longer, deliberately stepped over the line and ended it all.

About 1872, the family moved to Austin, Minnesota, where my grandfather was superintendent of equipment for the Minneapolis and St. Paul Railroad.

There was one other child in the family, a boy, Wert F. Anderson, who was a few years older than my mother. They lived in a big comfortable house which backed up to the Red Cedar River. On the river they had a boathouse and a boat. There was a large tank sunk in the river close to the bank for bathing. There was a meat house for storing meat through the winter and a cellar with vegetable bins, apple bins, and a potato bin. The walls of

the cellar were lined with shelves full of glass jars of canned fruits, jellies, and jams.

The childhood of the two Anderson children seemed to be happy and carefree. Among Mother's mementos I found the commencement announcement of the ninth annual commencement of the Austin High School, June 23, 1886. There were nine graduates, eight girls and one lone boy. Heading the list was Della Anderson. Although she was christened Delphine, practically everyone called her Della until she came to Las Vegas.

She was a beautiful and fascinating young woman. (I can verify the beautiful from pictures of that time and the fascinating from accounts of her friends of that day.) The following year she attended the state normal school at Winona, Minnesota. Upon her graduation in 1888, she taught music in the Austin Elementary School for a year. She had many beaux but Charlie Squires seemed to have the inside track. By the time he left for California in 1887, she had promised to marry him.

Meanwhile, her parents and brother had moved to Seattle, Washington, and in the spring of 1889, she secured a position as a music teacher in the Seattle schools. After the close of the Austin schools in the early summer of 1889, she joined her parents in Seattle. This was soon after the great Seattle fire and when she arrived there she was completely disillusioned, and wrote my father in Redlands that she was ready to be married as soon as he could come to her. My father needed no coaxing and he journeyed to Seattle and they were married August 21, 1889. They took a steamboat to San Francisco, where they spent their honeymoon at the old Palace Hotel. They arrived in Redlands shortly thereafter.

Since I was born exactly one year later, I was never able to fool anyone about my age.

On every anniversary, my mother always announced this is their so-and-so wedding anniversary and Florence was born on their first anniversary. There were times as I grew older that I wished that she would refrain from mentioning the number of the anniversary, but she never did. Who could blame her, especially when one gets to celebrating fifty, sixty and sixty-five years of married life

Mother had a very serious time at my birth and it was touch and go for awhile. I was a colicky, undernourished baby and for several months cried night and day. My poor mother took care of me all day and my father walked the floor with me at night. Finally they found a food that agreed with me, so the nightmare was over. My oldest brother, James, was born fifteen months later. All my three brothers were model babies, which was a blessing after the bad time I gave them. When my parents moved to Redlands, my father was having a new home built on the land where the Smiley Library now stands. In this same house I was born August 21, 1890. In 1892, my brother James was born there.

In 1893, my father sold his real estate and insurance business in Redlands and moved to San Bernardino, where he had a contract with the county to index the county records.

My earliest memory is of the time we lived in San Bernardino. My mother and father had made friends with a family by the name of Raynor who had a beautiful ranch out away from San Bernardino. This ranch had a stream running through it and rustic bridges and a lovely house with a portico. Very often on Sundays we used to drive out there.

The Raynors also had a monkey named Adam. Adam had a collar with a long chain on it, and on the end of the chain was a ring. Through this ring ran a wire between two great big trees. He could scamper from one tree to the other and run up and down. One

day while we were there, an open carriage drove up with several women and a man in it. One of the women had one of these little sun shades they used to have; the handles had a little joint in them. All of a sudden, Adam dropped out of the tree and grabbed the sun shade from the woman and ran up the tree with it. They had a terrible time getting it down. That is really the first thing I can remember, how excited everyone was trying to get the woman's sun shade away from Adam.

Another time somebody thought they would play a trick on Adam and they gave him a piece of very sticky toffee. He got it caught in his hands and he had quite a time with it. Finally, he pried it loose from his hands and dropped it on the ground and rolled it around and picked it up and put it in his mouth and ate it. He had enough sense to figure if he covered it with dirt, he'd be able to get it into his mouth. Eddie Raynor, the husband, used to play the violin just beautifully. He had one little drawback, he was an alcoholic. After we moved to Los Angeles, he used to come down every once and a while on the train from San Bernardino and come and visit us. We all loved him so; he was a delightful person. He always ended up getting as drunk as he could be, and my father had to pack him up and send him home. Eventually, he took his own life. It was such a tragedy at the time, because he was such a talented and a wonderful person.

In 1894, the family moved to Los Angeles, where my father had a position with the Title Insurance and Trust Company. We lived in a cottage on Wright Street near Pico, which was then pretty well on the edge of town. Here my brother Herbert was born. A year later, with the expansion of the street car line to Vermont Avenue, we rented a house on Twenty-third Street, just west of Vermont Avenue. The

owners returned from wherever they had been traveling, so we moved to a house directly behind on Twenty-fourth Street.

About a year later, Mother and Father purchased a home on Twenty-fourth Street and Magnolia Avenue; a darling, story-and-a-half house, with a Dutch roof, casement windows, an entrance hall, a front and back parlor, large dining room and kitchen on the ground floor. There was a winding staircase from the back parlor, three big bedrooms and a real bath—the tub was zinc lined—upstairs. My room had a window with leaded glass casements and all sorts of closets and cubbyholes. My parents had the large, front bedroom, which had a large closet and dressing room, with a window adjoining. When my third brother, Russell, was born, this became a nursery. The yard was lovely with roses and jasmine running riot, a banana tree, and a couple of loquat trees. It was a happy house to live in.

A remembrance I have of when we lived in the house on Twenty-fourth and Magnolia Avenue is that my father used to take me for a walk in the evening. We lived just two blocks from Adams Street which was the fashionable residential area of that day; of f of West Adams, St. James Park and Chester Place. We would walk over to Adams Street and along in front of these beautiful mansions. I remember he said to me once, "All these beautiful houses have harps in them. Someday, I'm going to have a house with a harp in it."

There is another recollection which I have; I must have been about ten years old at the time. When we lived on Twenty-third Street, we had some neighbors named Murphy—Grandma and Auntie Murphy we called them—who were very devoted to us children. They moved over to the other side of town. One day they invited me to stay for a couple of days with them.

At that time my father was working nights for the Title Insurance and Trust Company. He would come in when the others left and examine the county records and made copies and take them back to the Title Insurance and Trust Company. He took me down one evening and Auntie Murphy picked me up and took me home. I had a wonderful time with them for that day and the next. I was supposed to have been taken home that next night. Something had happened and they couldn't do it so I was delighted at the time to find that I could stay another day. When nightfall came, I began to get as homesick as I could be; I wanted to be home. I cried myself to sleep.

When my father got home at about eleven o'clock that night, he thought they had taken Florence right home. So when he walked in the door at home, my mother said, "Where's Florence?" He said, "Isn't she home?" She said, "No, I thought they were going to bring her to the office." He got a streetcar and went way across town. About twelve o'clock there was a knock on the door, and I woke up and heard voices. Here was my father's voice out in the living room. I went tearing out. He waited while I got dressed and we caught the last streetcar home. I'll never forget how homesick I was. I had been so delighted at the prospect of spending an extra day.

I went to kindergarten when we lived on Wright Street at a school nearby. I went from the first to the eighth grades to what they called Harper School—it was later named Vermont Avenue School—which was only a few blocks from any of our houses. One thing I remember particularly about school was the flag salute we had every morning. Everybody had to line up in front of the school building and someone played the piano inside, a Sousa march or something. About eight privileged students—it depended upon how good you were—marched out with the flag, holding the flag on the sides and both ends, and then it was raised and we gave the salute to the flag. It made quite an impression on me because it was an impressive thing to do. It seems to me kind of sad that they don't do something like that now in the schools. I can remember

you were—marched out with the flag, holding the flag on the sides and both ends, the next. I was supposed to have been taken home that next night. Something had happened and they couldn't do it so I was delighted at the time to find that I could stay another day. When nightfall came, I began to get as homesick as I could be; I wanted to be home. I cried myself to sleep.

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from when I was just starting school how impressive I thought it was.

I remember several friends through those school days. One was Jean Long whose father, Frank B. Long, was a piano dealer and had a music store. Helen and Stella Brown lived out on Budlong Avenue and I used to visit them occasionally. There were two boys named Barker, Lawrence and Everett, in my class. They were the sons of the Barkers who started the Barker Furniture Company, which was a fairly new enterprise in those days. One incident I remember, was just as we were leaving school one day, the streetcars ran down Vermont Avenue, they ran over a little girl almost in front of the school. It made such an impression on all of us, we were about six or seven years old.

During the years that I was in grammar school I attended the Henry Kramer's Dancing School every Saturday afternoon. It was a big white building on Flower Street. There Mr. Kramer and his wife tried to teach all of us the foundations of etiquette. We put our dancing slippers in a bag and took the streetcar in front of the house and spent about two hours trying to learn to dance, and then we went home.

One time, the first time I went to the theater in the evening, my father and mother took me to see a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana," which has always been an outstanding memory in my life. In those days they had stock companies in Los Angeles. The Bellasco Theater and the Burbank Theater both had stock companies and they changed their bill every two or three weeks. When I was a little older, after the dancing school era, we would go to the matinee on Saturday afternoons, maybe two or three friends together. Each of us had our favorites among the leading men they had. The leading man at the Bellasco who was dark and handsome, and the leading man

at the Burbank was a blond. I can't remember his name, but we were all so smitten with these leading men. Those were nice experiences; we saw a lot of plays that way.

When I started high school in the fall of 1904, there was only one high school in Los Angeles; that was the old red brick building on Bunker Hill. We had to take the streetcar from in front of our house down to First and Temple Streets. There they had smaller trolley cars which the students would transfer to. They would go up this steep hill, and I remember the boys would hang all over the outside of the car. It would be just crowded, they would get halfway up the hill and some kid would pull the trolley off and the car would coast back to the bottom of the hill. The conductors would be so mad, but they would never seem to be able to stop the practice. That is one thing I remember; trying to get up that hill in the morning, because some youngster was always trying to pull the trolley off.

There were about 2,000 students then at this old brick school; I think it was about three stories. They had built some extra rooms outside. It was located in a graveyard, one of the old graveyards of Los Angeles. While I was going to school there, they were removing the bodies from those graves to another cemetery. We all got a sort of a morbid kick out of seeing them cart away these bodies in these coffins they removed them to.

We used to take our lunch, or if we were lucky, maybe we would have ten or fifteen cents to spend for lunch. At noon these men would come around with sandwiches, tamales, and ice cream and dill pickles, a nickel a piece for any of them. (I think of sanitary standards today; I'll bet we ate our weight in germs in those days.) They were all on open carts, and you just picked out your sandwich or tamale, and a great big dill pickle,

and a little open dish of ice cream, and that was your lunch. We thought it was fun.

The Christmas in Los Angeles when I got my first piano, I had just been crazy to get a piano. I was just about ten years old. I had wanted a piano and to take piano lessons. On this Christmas Eve my mother and father made me stay out doors most of the day. When I came home just before dinner, Mother and Father took me by the hand and opened the door to the back parlor and there was my piano. I'll never forget that. It was so sweet of them.

During the first few years we lived in Los Angeles we had a horse named Dolly, and a surrey. Very often in the afternoons my mother would hitch up Dolly and the surrey and drive downtown to First and Temple Streets to pick up my father. One afternoon as we drove up to the entrance of the Title Insurance Company, one of the men on the sidewalk said, "Mrs. Squires, do you always drive without a bit?" Sure enough, Dolly's bit was hanging out of her mouth, but she had traveled the same route so many times that she didn't need any direction.

During the years in Los Angeles, Mother became interested in club work. She joined the Friday Morning Club and was very active for years there. She also helped organize the Mother's Club. (I am not sure whether that was the name, but it was the forerunner of the Parents-Teachers Association.) That interest persisted after coming to Las Vegas. (In Las Vegas, she was a charter member of Southgate Chapter of the Eastern Star, of Christ Church Episcopal, the Mesquite Club, and Parent-Teachers Association. During the '30's she became sponsor for the Beta Sigma Phi sorority, an association which continued almost thirty years and gave her much pleasure. Although of a much older generation, the outlook and activities of these

young women were a source of great joy. She was made a life member of Beta Sigma Phi, about 1951 or 1952.) There was no more hospitable couple than in our home. Mother and Father both loved having company. They really liked people, rich or poor, great or small. Every visitor of any importance usually wound up with his feet under our dinner table. Afterward we would settle around our fireplace in winter or on our wide front porch in the summer. As children we were privileged to listen to real conversation, something young people today rarely hear. Although, I think on the whole, the young people are better informed, through radio, TV, newspapers and magazines, the privilege of being able to listen to one's elders discuss for hours the events and problems of the time, is unforgettable.

My second brother, Herbert, was born in Los Angeles, in the house on Wright Street. My mother had a German girl, Hilda, come for a couple of weeks while she was in bed. At that time, I was five years old and of an inquiring turn of mind. I ran away constantly with small brother James following after me. Then Hilda and the neighbors would have to go looking for me. Finally, my mother had had enough, so she said to Hilda, "Take that length of rope, tie it around Florence's waist and tie the other end to one of the clothesline poles." Poor Hilda burst into tears and cried, "I never could tie up that poor little thing." So mother sent for one of the neighbors who obliged her, and I was safely anchored every day thereafter, until Mother was on her feet again.

Meanwhile, my father had become actively interested in politics again and was one of the founders of the "Teddy's Terrors," dedicated to furthering the candidacy of Teddy Roosevelt. This group wore regular Spanish-American War uniforms of khaki, and the leggings and rode around in the trains

in Southern California. They had their guns filled with blank cartridges, and they made a lot of hullabaloo every place they went.

Some of the prominent businessmen in Los Angeles had formed the Union League Club and had built a rather pretentious building on Second Street near Hill. They asked Pop to become secretary and manager, which was quite an increase in salary. Some of the members of the club were officials of the proposed San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad. They convinced him that there were great possibilities of wealth in the proposed railroad center in Las Vegas. So, Pop and several friends—J. Ross Clark, the brother of Senator Clark, who was building the railroad; Frank Waters, the right-of-way agent of the railroad; Chris N. Brown, an old friend from Austin—cast their fortunes with the new town.

In February at the mid-term in 1906, Mother and Pop thought they would be moving to Las Vegas, before the close of the school year. They sent me to Redlands to live with my grandmother and aunt and go to the high school there. Margaret Brown, the daughter of Chris Brown, went also. I think she was just in grade school then, and I was a sophomore in high school.

I loved Redlands and Redlands High School; it was just a lovely town. My grandmother and aunt had lived there so many years that they knew everybody. They lived about two miles from the high school, but I often used to walk it. The streetcar schedule wasn't too good. I can remember walking in February or March and the whole valley would be just laden with orange blossoms and perfume; it was the most invigorating thing. There were only about 350 students in the high school. I think our class had fifty-six. I made so many good friends that are still friends of mine through the years. My best

friend was Alice Nickerson. Her father and mother had come from Minneapolis where he had been in the lumber business. He had bought a number of orange groves there at Redlands. They had a big house up on the hill near the Casa Loma Hotel. I used to spend quite a lot of time there. She had three brothers, Harold, Leigh, and Edward. We did have the best times; there was always a crowd at that house.

Grandmother was a real lady of the Victorian era. They were pretty strict, but they were wonderful to me, and I loved every minute with them. I remember once, we had a class picnic at some hot springs between San Bernardino and Redlands. Two of the teachers from the high school went to chaperone us, and we were supposed to be home on the nine o'clock car. The car line ran about two blocks from where my grandmother and aunt lived. We missed connections someplace, so it was on the ten o'clock car that I got home. My grandmother and aunt were waiting at the car line, pacing the ground, and were so indignant with me for being an hour late, I will never forget it. They believed in knowing where I was all the time.

The streetcar service in Redlands was a little bit primitive, even at that time. I think the streetcars ran up in the region where my aunt and grandmother lived up in Smiley Heights, about once an hour. The streetcar conductor was a little sort of a gnome-looking man by the name of Lake. He was very obliging; he would get anybody a spool of thread when he went downtown, and he knew where everybody got off and would stop the car. One day, Alice Nickerson and I were going home from school, so he stopped the car at Palm Avenue and neither of us budged. He said, "This is where you get off." And we said, "No, we don't want to get off here." So we rode a block further. Now for pure teenage

cussedness can you beat that? We thought we were doing something smart. All the time I can ever remember my grandmother, she was a widow. I can remember her from about 1900 or a little before. She couldn't then have been more than around fifty years old. She was an old lady then. She had her hair drawn back and wore a little bonnet, usually black with a few shiny things on it, and a black dress. She always was an old lady; people of fifty are not old ladies now.

Once during the years I was there, there was an old gentleman used to come around and visit her every once in a while. My aunt used to kid her mother a little about her beau, which Grandma didn't like. This one evening, we came home and Aunt Helen said, "Well, did Mr. so-and-so come today?" Grandmother drew herself up and said, "Yes, he came, but he won't be coming again." Aunt Helen said, "Well why? What is the matter?" Grandmother said, "He asked me if he could go to the bathroom while he was here." That was enough for Grandma's Victorian sense of what was proper. They just ignored things like that.

When we were in Redlands, Mr. Henry J. Kramer's sister, Miss Kramer, had a dancing school. For the high school students, she had a class that lasted from a little after three o'clock until about five o'clock. On Thursdays we all used to go to dancing school. At the beginning of the season, everybody would have their program all made out for the whole season. She had a party when the season was over. It was one of the things we loved to do.

The first boy I ever went out with to a high school dance was by the name of Frank Ford, in Redlands. His father had an automobile business. Even then I had to go with another couple for my grandmother wouldn't let us go alone. A year ago my friend, Alice Nickerson, in Redlands, sent me a clipping from a San

Francisco paper about this Frank Ford, whose wife had died not too long ago. He is one of the world's authorities on the raising of lilies. It was the first time I had heard of him in years.

PIONEERS OF CLARK COUNTY

Pop arrived in Las Vegas on February 13, 1905. There were a few tents scattered around the railroad station, which was an old passenger car, and a settlement in McWilliams townsite, now Westside. There was also a scattering of tents at Fifth and Bridger, called Navaho City.

My father had a keen sense of humor. One of his anecdotes had to do with his arrival in Las Vegas. Several blocks away from the station, what is now Main and Ogden streets, was a tent with the sign, "Ladd's Hotel." The weary travelers picked up their luggage and made their way through the brush and weeds to the hotel. There they were greeted by the proprietor, Jim Ladd, a western character of some renown. Ladd explained that the hotel was just opening for business that day, but had had one guest the night before. He pulled out a large book with the word, "Journal," on the cover. Under the date of February 12, was one name, M. S. Beal. Under the date of February 13, my father inscribed his name, to be followed by many others, some of whom

became prominent citizens of the Las Vegas just being born.

Captain Ladd, as he was called—although I don't think I ever learned whether it was a complimentary title or one honestly earned—said there were certain definite rules to be observed, among which were "two to a bed in eight hour shifts."

One of the other rules came to light a few days later. My father was sitting in the lobby next to the stove, trying to get warmed through, when a fellow came in, caked with dust, and asked for a room. He was apparently one of the teamsters who drove the 16- and 24-horse teams to Beatty. He was tired and dirty and asked Ladd if he could get a bed. Ladd said, "I don't know. Just wait awhile, and I'll find out." After a half hour's wait, Ladd said, "All right. You can have a bed." He then led the way to the back of the hotel. When he returned, after getting his quest settled, Pop said, "Jim, why did you let that poor devil stand around waiting when you had plenty of beds?" Ladd replied, "When those

teamsters come in, I let them stand around awhile. If they scratch, they don't get a bed here." My father said he recognized a very wise precaution.

The partnership of Waters, Clark, Brown, and Squires called themselves the Las Vegas Trading Company. They put up a big tent hotel, opened a lumberyard, and started a bank. The auction of lots took place May 15, 1905, and was judged a huge success as some 2,500 people arrived. Immediately, there were several businesses of every kind, with tents springing up all over the townsite. However, the extreme heat, accompanied by millions of flies, caused by the many horses and outdoor toilets, brought much misery and grief to the new settlement. So, by the end of the summer, many had become discouraged and left. The first project of the Las Vegas Trading Company was the establishment of a lumberyard and the building of the Hotel Las Vegas and the founding of the State Bank. The only one of the three still surviving is now part of the First National Bank.

The Hotel Las Vegas was a tent building 40' by 130'. The frame was constructed, and buttons placed on the frame for anchoring the covering. The canvas was sewed in sections an the buttonholes placed at the proper intervals. There were thirty rooms, in addition to a lobby and a bar. Another tent served as a dining room and kitchen.

The erection and completion of the hotel were beset with trouble. Old-timers told them there would be no worry about the weather, because the winter was the rainy season. The building materials, including the lumber for the frame and floor and a great amount of canvas were strewn all over the building site. Mixed in with them were some of the furnishings—iron and brass bedsteads, great bales of mattresses, cases of blankets, pillows and pillowcases, washbowls,

pitchers, chairs, tables, a kitchen range, crates of cooking utensils, barrels of dishes, with all the carpenters and workmen they could get. They worked feverishly to get the hotel built and ready for the grand opening the day before the auction sale of lots.

Then, it rained—gently to begin with—beginning early in the evening. Pop and his helpers worked most of the night, trying to cover the things most likely to be damaged with sections of the tent canvas. It rained all night. Toward morning, Pop went to Ladd's Hotel, got his wet clothes off, and went to bed. To quote him, "I was wet, tired, and plumb discouraged. For my hopes, at least, the whole world was at an end, and Las Vegas, the San Pedro, Los Angeles, and Salt Lake Railroad, and everybody connected with it could go plumb to hell, as far as I was concerned."

The sun was shining bright and warm when he woke up, and an investigation proved that only a little of the bedding was wet. There was very little damage done, so the world was bright again. In spite of all the obstacles, on Sunday, May 14, 1905, the day before the auction sale, the hotel was ready for the guests. The big refrigerator was full of cold bottles of beer and the beds were made, all the furniture was in place, the meat and groceries in the kitchen, and the thirty rooms filled with guests.

After the busy morning, after the auction sale, Pop invited everyone he met to drop over to the new hotel to cool off with a bottle of beer. The invitation was accepted with enthusiasm. It was found, however, that the temperature inside the hotel was 128 degrees, so proprietors and guests alike took their beer outside to the comparatively cool 106 degrees.

The life of the Hotel Las Vegas was of comparatively short duration. The intense summer heat, together with the dust and rain storms, had an adverse affect on the

canvas, which proved to be of not too good a quality. Then, also, John F. Miller started construction of the big Nevada Hotel, a two-story wooden building, so the big canvas hotel was dismantled. The pieces of the canvas were much in demand and were sold to the prospectors and others.

J. T. McWilliams was a civil engineer who came out west as a young fellow. During the '90's he did some surveying in Goodsprings and also he used to come over to visit the Stewarts at the ranch. He was married in Kingman before coming out here; his widow still lives over on the west side. When the Stewarts heard that the railroad was going to come in and there was talk of an auction on their land, they decided they would have survey lines run to be sure where their property went. They sent for Mr. McWilliams to come over and survey the ranch for them.

While he was here he discovered there was eighty acres of land that had never been filed on. He filed on it and received the patent to it. He had heard rumors that the railroad was coming through, so a whole year before the rails were laid through here he had a little town of sorts going. They called it McWilliamstown and Ragtown and then finally, Westside.

The main street ran right along where the railroad right of way would be. There were tents and saloons, and at the time my father came, it was quite a lively place. All the teamsters hung out over there. There was gambling and drinking and several restaurants.

Mr. McWilliams filed a plat and called it the original townsite of Las Vegas. He felt sure that that would be where the town was built. He was quite chagrined and disgusted when he found out that they had decided to build the town on the other side of the track, When the rails came through and were laid,

McWilliams found out that while most of his property was on the left side of the tracks, there was quite a big piece, a corner, on the other side of the track which belonged to him.

Some months later the railroad company announced that they were going to build an ice plant here. They picked the plot adjoining the tracks on the east side. Mr. McWilliams realized that they had picked his land, but he said nothing. Then after they got the foundations in, and got the thing started, he went to the company, proved that it was his land and said he wanted \$5,000 for it.

Of course, the company was furious; first, at their surveyor for making such a silly mistake, and second, at McWilliams for not telling them before they got started with the ice plant. They stopped all construction of the ice plant and went down a mile or so to the south end of town and built their plant where it has been ever since. McWilliams didn't get his \$5,000. While I have never seen these ruins, Pop remarked in one of the articles he wrote, that if you walk around there, you can find the remains of these old concrete foundations that they started to build.

After the sale of the lots, they realized that the real town was going to be on the east side of the tracks, and then they had a huge fire—I think it was in the summer of 1905—that destroyed a good number of the tents and whatever buildings there were over there. Westside or McWilliamstown has sort of deteriorated for many years after that. Now it is pretty well populated. Incidentally, Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams donated their Lee's Canyon land to the county as a recreation area.

I will tell of one of the early incidents in the sale of the lots. The railroad company had stipulated that there was to be no liquor sold on the premises of any lots that the people bought, and that if they did the title would revert to the railroad company.

John Wisner bought lots on Main and Fremont Streets, where he later built the Overland Hotel and erected a small building and opened a saloon. The railroad company started suit. Of course, at the time, the county seat was in Pioche, which was a long, long trip from here. So, C. O. Whittemore, one of the officials of the railroad subpoenaed Pop as a witness in this trial in Pioche, and they said they would pay his expenses.

Pop took the train to Caliente—the branch line was built to Pioche—and he was there five days in the middle of the winter. The company, I believe, won the suit on five counts and Wisner was given the decision on three counts, which never decided anything. Since that, there's been no suit or attempt to enforce the no liquor provision.

When my father got home, he sent in his expense account, which he said he arrived at by deducting the three dollars he had in his pocket when he got home from the seventy-five dollars he had when he started out. In a few days, he got a letter back. Mr. Whittemore said, "Squires, the company does not expect to pay for your poker losses in Pioche." My father wrote in reply, "Whittemore, when spending five days in Pioche, poker losses are legitimate expenses. Please send check." And they sent the check.

I should tell a little more about the background of that suit, and what happened later. One of the early corners to register in Jim Ladd's hotel was J. O. McIntosh. My father, in writing about him, referred to him as a fine man. He was one whose word you could depend on, and who was always trying to do something for the town. Soon after he arrived, my father told us about McIntosh coming to the little tent house my father was living in down on Main Street. Mr. McIntosh had bought several lots in what was referred to as "Block Sixteen". The railroad company

had decreed that there was to be no liquor sold on any lot that was purchased in Las Vegas townsite unless it was in a hotel or with a meal. That was what caused a suit when they sued John Wisner, as I told you earlier. Block Sixteen was excluded; in fact, I think blocks sixteen and seventeen were excluded. I guess the railroad company hoped to keep all the saloons in that area. They got around it after that in the townsite by building a couple of rooms and calling it a hotel or serving something to eat and calling it a restaurant. Later on, the company withdrew that provision and made an agreement that the liquor clause would never be brought to bear on any title to any property in Las Vegas. Mr. McIntosh and my father one evening, had a ginger ale highball, and Mr. McIntosh got to talking about how he would like to build a beautiful saloon over on his Block Sixteen property. As the evening went on, they enlarged on these plans between them., had another ginger ale highball, and another. Mr. McIntosh said how he would like to have a beautiful bar and a very nice place where people could go to have a drink. It seemed to my father that it was quite a good idea. He said that never in his life since that night had he had a ginger ale highball. By the time he went to bed he had had plenty.

Pop told Chris Brown about it, and they went to Mr. Park, the cashier at the bank, with Mr. McIntosh. And Mr. Park thought it sounded like a good deal. He lent McIntosh the money to build the place, and the Arizona Club became a reality. It was only one story at the time. They had a beautiful bar sent from someplace in the east, built for it. It was solid mahogany. (When they built the Last Frontier, they took that whole bar and put it in their Gay Nineties room. If it is still there it is worth seeing. The place is torn down now so I don't know what they have done with it.)

No ladies were allowed without escort, and it was a very respectable place. It was such a show place that the train used to stop about a half an hour, so the passengers could walk over and take a look at it.

One time they had, in that first year, this famous "kilts" band in town. They all got of £ together (I have a a picture of them in their kitties), and marched up the Street to the Arizona Club playing their bagpipes and all had a drink. Then they all marched back again and got back on the train.

There was no red-light district at the time when the McLntoshes had the saloon, but when they sold it, the fellow who bought it, Al James, put on a second story and had ladies upstairs. Several of the other saloons down there did the same thing. We just spoke of the Block Sixteen in hushed whispers. When we would drive by either side of this block, we would look curiously, but of course, never went down that street. I guess it was still there at the time that they were building the Dam. It was a good number of years afterward that it was finally abolished.

There was one girl from what we called "down the line" who died. She had been very well liked. The people on Block Sixteen decided they wanted a real funeral service. They went to the Methodist minister, and an Episcopal minister, and a Catholic priest. The Methodist minister said he wouldn't have a service for her. They went to the Episcopal minister, Percival Smythe, and he said certainly, he would give her a Christian burial.

In those early days, I used to sing at practically every funeral there was. Mother or Nellie Martin would play the accompaniment. Sometimes we would have a quartet of my mother and myself and Mrs. May Corkhill and often Carrie Heaton. That day, we managed to get a little quartet together. The funeral parlor was down on Fremont Street

between Second and Third, just a big store building, The funeral was supposed to be in the morning when the train came in, because they had ordered flowers from Los Angeles for the occasion. As it happened, the train was about an hour late, so we sat around waiting. I am sure that every prostitute and every gambler in Las Vegas was there at that funeral service. We finally gave the poor girl a decent funeral service. They were all so grateful for the fact that so-called respectable people would take time to do something for them. It was rather touching—the fact that they were so pleased.

The first Justice of the Peace was Judge Jacob Ralph. They lived in a tent down on South First Street. He was appointed by Judge Peter Somers to be Justice of the Peace. His main objections to the job was that he could make more money shoeing horses than in dealing out justice. He was a blacksmith, and there were hundreds of horses in the corrals on the west side which were being used in the freight business between Las Vegas, Goldfield and Tonopah. The judge finally decided to accept the appointment. He was a German.

Ralph used his blacksmith shop on First Street near Lewis as a courtroom. In his shop there was a tub that he kept full of water in which to temper his irons. The overflow formed a muddy pool in the dirt floor in which his white Peking ducks delighted to waddle and quack. While the judge was holding court it was difficult to distinguish the voices of the witnesses from the voices of the ducks.

One day, the body of a man was found in the bushes beyond the creek. The sheriff notified the justice, and suggested that the proper method of procedure in such cases was to call for an inquest. The matter-of-fact justice could see no reason for such an inquest and asked, "An inquest? What is the need of an inquest? The man is dead, isn't he?"

They lived in a tent that was adjacent to the blacksmith shop tent. My mother described it:

This tent was a marvel of neatness and cleanliness to every woman in town. We wondered how it could be done. It was a small, ordinary tent with no wooden floor, but fresh hay had been spread over it to keep down the dust. The bed had an immaculate white bedspread and pillow shams. Perhaps the modern housewife doesn't savvy pillow shams. They were large squares of white material, often ruffled or embroidered and used to cover the pillows during the day and carefully removed at night. Then there was the cookstove which always shone so one could see her reflection in it. There was never a single cooking pan to be seen or any evidence that the stove had been used. The dish cupboard was in perfect order, and we all wondered if the Ralphs ever ate. On Mondays when the neighbors arose, the Ralph's weekly wash was sparkling on the clothesline with no tubs or anything to suggest laundry work in evidence. The women in the town made frequent calls at the Ralph home, going at different hours with the hope that at sometime, somehow, they would find something out of order. But that feat was never accomplished.

There was a period around 1907, 1908, and 1909, when they discovered artesian water around here. There were quite a few ranches started up, the Clark-Ronnow ranch out in Paradise Valley, the Heaton ranch and the E. G. McGriff ranch. When the McGriffs came here and bought the ranch,

the well had already been drilled. He was a very talented horticulturist. They put in acres of apricots and Elberta peach trees. In the few years before the trees matured, they planted strawberries every year, delicious strawberries. They had to come by wagon that eight miles into town, and then sell the berries and go back. In the meantime, Mrs. McGriff and Della, the daughter who later married Frank DeVinney (he was assessor here for some years), would go out and cultivate the berries and pick them and get them ready to bring into town. Mr. McGriff would take that load into town the next morning. That went on for several years. Then the peach and apricot trees began to mature, and you never ate such peaches in your life. They were the most beautiful Elberta peaches and apricots! He not only peddled them in town, but furnished them to Union Pacific railroad for their diners. After Mr. McGriff if died, the man who bought the ranch decided he would rather have a swimming pool than irrigate peach trees, so he didn't pay any attention to the trees, and they just gradually died out and were dug up and carted away. It was rather sad to see the result of all that labor and those beautiful trees just allowed to die.

Pop and his three associates—Frank Waters, right-of-way agent to the railroad; Thomas E. Gibbons, an attorney of Los Angeles; and Chris N. Brown, a boyhood friend from Austin, Minnesota—they organized the First State Bank, which proved to be the first of the pioneer industries to survive and become a success; the second being the Von Tobel Lumber Company. John S. Park, a former cashier of the Los Angeles City Bank, then residing in Kentucky, was asked to be cashier of the new bank. Mr. Park accepted, and through his wise guidance, the bank became a strong financial institution, surviving the 1907 panic and later depressions.

The only time the existence of the bank was threatened, was in the winter of 1905-6. The bank had loaned about a third of its capital to the firm of Crowell and Allard, the leading merchants, and the firm was about to be closed by the Board of Trade as insolvent. The day before the Board of Trade representatives arrived, my father had Crowell and Allard assign \$3,000 worth of uncollectible bills to the bank. These bills were owed by Eldorado Canyon miners.

Starting in the late afternoon, Pop drove a team of horses and a buckboard forty-seven miles to Eldorado Canyon, rousted the miners out of bed, exchanged their mercantile bills for promissory notes and credited the Crowell and Allard account in full. He made it back to Las Vegas the next morning before the Board of Trade representatives arrived to close up the firm. The Board found the firm completely solvent, but they were a confused lot and never could figure out how the trick was accomplished.

The formation of the power company and telephone company in early 1907 was another of my father's ventures, and the erection of a concrete block plant was begun February, 1907. Before that, the company had installed a few lights and phones with power furnished by the Armour Ice Plant. Customers had to agree to use no electrical appliances, and phone service was from B a.m. to 8 p.m. The lights were turned off at 10 p.m.

Frank Wencert of Austin, Minnesota, was the first engineer. He came here with his wife and five children—Mildred, Cyril, Veronica, Luella, and Delano. Cyril was immediately employed as teller at the bank and in the years to come, he became president of the bank, as well as president of the power and telephone company. He married Lottie Ward, a music teacher, about 1919. Four children survive: Ward, Robert, Marilyn Gatewood

and Shirley Cherry. Veronica was to become the wife of Harley A. Harmon, the first county clerk, later district attorney of Clark County, candidate for governor, and head of the Public Service Commission. Mildred became Mrs. Mildred Marshall and has been a widow for many years; she now resides in LaJuanta, Colorado. Luella married Virgil Hamm, a telegrapher in the railroad telegraph office. Her husband died some years ago and now lives in Los Angeles. Delano, the youngest, is now general manager of the Union Pacific Railroad, residing in Omaha.

I mentioned the early telephone, when there was no service after eight o'clock. In those days, we had telephone numbers, but nobody ever used them. You just cranked the telephone and said to the central, "I would like to speak to Mrs. Bracken, or Mrs. whoever" and she was just as apt to say, "Mrs. Bracken isn't home, Mrs. Squires. I just saw her go by the office a few minutes ago." She kept us all informed on what was doing. She could tell you whether they were downtown or where they were. It was rather nice and homey. Shortly before the start of the power and telephone companies, my father became interested in the development of the Potosi Mine, originally discovered by the early Mormon settlers. At that time, it was owned by Mr. Morgan of Los Angeles, who had a lease contract with the Mahoney brothers of San Francisco. They still owned \$20,000 on the contract and Mr. Morgan, who was old and feeble by that time, was anxious to get his \$20,000.

My father's interest in the Potosi Mine, as well as the country around Las Vegas, had been aroused by conversations with John P. Culver, a distinguished mining engineer, who was the husband of a cousin of my mother's and who lived in Los Angeles. As a young man, he had made a trip up the Colorado River on a

steamboat as far as Fort Callville. He did some exploration of the country, and around it, and learned of the Potosi Mine. He predicted that if the railroad ever went through this country, providing cheap transportation, the mine would be tremendously valuable.

With Chris Brown and several other associates, they raised the \$20,000. They had previously made a contract with the Mahoney brothers for an option to purchase, on the condition that they pay Mr. Morgan his \$20,000 and pay them an additional \$50,000 in July and August of 1908. They began working the mine and shipped quite a few carloads of ore.

In the fall of 1907, my father started for Milwaukee to meet a friend who had agreed to raise the money necessary to take care of the rest of the indebtedness. Before the train reached Omaha, the panic of 1907 was in full blast. Most of the banks in the country were closed, and those which remained open would not pay out any real money, no matter how much you had on deposit, except enough to enable a depositor to survive. Pop wired his friend in Milwaukee to tell him it seemed inadvisable to continue on to Milwaukee at that time. He remained in the Middle West through the winter, spending part of the time in Austin, trying in vain to find someone: to finance the venture. He was continually optimistic that the banks would reopen, and the crisis would be over. In the spring he returned home tired and discouraged.

Success was almost within their grasp, however. Chris Brown got an agreement with a group of Boston men who were interested in copper mining. They said they would make the last payment and take an interest in the mine. Before the last day, they wired Mahoney brothers that the \$50,000 was on deposit in the Boston bank, subject to their receipt of the Potosi title papers. This, the Mahoney

brothers refused to accept, on the grounds that their contract provided for payment in San Francisco.

The Las Vegas Association filed suit to compel the Mahoneys to accept payment and convey the Potosi title. The suit was decided against them, and they appealed to the Supreme Court. After several years, the judgment of the lower court was affirmed. It was learned later, on good authority, that the big boys in the zinc industry had become interested in the Potosi, and had made the Mahoneys a much better offer. After the Supreme Court decision, the mine was operated by the Empire Zinc Company, and during the next three or four years they made a profit of \$3,500,000. This ended the dream of riches from mining.

Soon after my father returned from the East in his unsuccessful efforts to raise money for the mining venture, he became editor and publisher of The Las Vegas Age. He insists he did not buy The Age, but it was sold to him by its owners, T. C. Nicklin and C. C. Corkhill. Nicklin and Corkhill visited him several times, lowering their price on each visit and urging him to buy the paper. This began almost forty years of devotion to the newspaper business.

The Age was never a highly successful financial venture, but it did provide a good living and some of the luxuries throughout the four decades that my father owned it. My father had a fixed ideal that the newspaper should be run for the good of Las Vegas, and from this ideal, he did not swerve. He was an excellent editorial writer and was pronounced the best editorial writer in the state by several authorities. Although he was, on several occasions, offered large rewards for changing his stand on some question or advocating a course of action he disagreed with he refused to change his course.

The Age, for a good many years, was located in the Overland Hotel building. We had a lease there. Then along about 1929, John Wisner refused to renew the lease.

He had other Plans for the building. So we didn't know where we were going to move. One of my brothers suggested that we build a little located in Searchlight. Well, Las Vegans, too, took that up (of course, there were comparatively few here at that first time) because it was a long, unwieldy, expensive trip to go to Pioche every time you needed any county business done.

So they had an election in Searchlight and one in Las Vegas. Searchlight thought they had the most voters. But, anyway, as Pop said, by digging up every tramp and miner that was under a bush or anyplace, they finally had this election. It showed 320 votes in Searchlight and 320 votes in Las Vegas on the matter of county seat.

In 1908, they campaigned to elect legislators to go to the legislature and pass a bill for county division. By that time, Searchlight was beginning to decline a bit, because many of the mines had closed down. They were fortunate in raising a fund of \$1,360; I believe the bank put in \$100, and the other men put in \$50. They raised this fund for a campaign and were successful in electing their candidates to the legislature. In March of 1909, the county division bill was passed.

They had had quite a campaign as to where the county seat would be, but, of course, by that time Searchlight had begun to decline. Las Vegas had promised that they would provide courthouse quarters if they put the county seat in Las Vegas.

When the bill was passed, then the big problem was what to do for a courthouse. Of course, the courthouse in Pioche was a big bust. They appropriated \$20,000 for building it and then, through the years the interest

wasn't paid. That had been way back in the '60's, I guess. And they had appropriated more money to build a balcony and put in some different improvements, so that by the time the county division came around, the indebtedness for Lincoln County was \$640,000, none of which was being paid.

One of the agreements they had to enter into was that they would pro-rate the indebtedness between the Clark County and Lincoln County, which the southern folks fought for quite awhile, but they had to give in to it. So Clark County was forced to assume \$430,000 of the bonded indebtedness from Lincoln County to get their county.

After the bill was passed, of course, we had no money, and we had to provide a place for the county offices. So, again, they took up a collection. They raised \$1,800, and built the little stone block building. It was torn down in 1955. It was on the Courthouse Square, and it faced on Carson Street. It was before the old courthouse was built. The county owned the land. It was about 40' x 60', and it just had one big room at the time with desks all around the room. So, that was the way we got our first courthouse. It stood there for many years. After the county moved into the new courthouse in 1914, they allowed the Mesquite Club to use it, and they started a library there. The Mesquite Club met there until in the 1930's, I guess. Then, it was later used for city offices until the City Hall was built.

They had a special election May 11, 1900, and they elected the following county officers; W. E. Hawkins of Las Vegas, who had a general store here (he was called "Uncle Bill," and was one of the nicest, sweetest man I ever knew); his widow Stella Pauff Hawkins is a whole and hearty eighty, and still lives in Las Vegas. S. H. Wells of Muddy Valley, who was a rancher in the valley; and W. H. Bradley of

Searchlight, were the commissioners elected. Charles C. Corkhill was elected sheriff and Frank Clayton, recorder and auditor; Harley A. Harmon, county clerk; assessor, W. J. McBirney; treasurer, Ed W. Clark; district attorney, W. R. Thomas; surveyor, C. E. McCarthy; and public administrator, Charles Ireland.

The names of those first elected County officers bring back many memories. S. W. Wells, one of the county commissioners was a successful rancher at Logandale in the Moapa Valley, and a leader in the Mormon Church. He died during the 20's, and his descendants still live in the Logandale area. I never knew the other county commissioner, W. H. Bradley, of Searchlight.

Charlie Corkhill, who was the first sheriff, was married to May Madsen, and there were two daughters Madeline and Nina. Charlie, later, founded the Review-Journal, and years later died in a Veteran's hospital in California. After graduation from college, Madeline married young Tom Croal, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Croal, early day residents of Las Vegas. Not too long after marriage young Tom was killed in an automobile accident. Madeline and Mrs. Corkhill live in Reno where Madeline worked for the Reno Gazette for many years. The Croals still live here. Mr. Croal has retired from the Union Pacific. They had one other son Andy, who owns and operates a drugstore in Barstow, California. Frank Clayton, the County Recorder, had been in the hardware business with E. W. Griffith. His son and family now reside in San Pedro, California.

Ed W. Clark came here from Pioche, and in the years that followed became one of the financial giants of the area. He told me once, "You know, Florence, that if I have only dollar left in my pocket, I will never spend it. Even if I have to go hungry, I'd hang on to that last

dollar." I don't know whether this philosophy had anything to do with his future financial success, but it may have helped. He was a delegate to the League of the Southwest, a member of the Colorado River Commission, President, and one of the major stockholders in the First National Bank, President, and a large stockholder in the power and telephone company, as well as a partner in the Clark Forwarding Company, his partner being C. C. Ronnow. He was deeply in love with a beautiful Panaca girl, but lost her to another suitor, so the story goes. He never married, although he loved children. He was a loyal and devoted friend and to his death was devout member of the Roman Catholic Church.

C. E. McCarthy, the County Assessor, and his bride, Marie, came to Goodsprings in the very early days. He was a civil engineer and did considerable survey work around the mining camp. When the United States entered World War I, he resigned his office and enlisted in the army. At the end of the war, he decided to make a career of the Army, and served with distinction. He retired in the late 40's, with the rank of Colonel. He served in many places throughout the world. Before World War II, he was in the Philippines with General Douglas MacArthur and General Dwight Eisenhower. After his retirement, they returned to Las Vegas and lived in the family home on North Fourth Street, until his death in the late 50's. There were two daughters, Betty, who died as a very young woman, and Kay Humphrey. After Charlie's death, Marie went to live with Kay in Yuba City, California, and died three or four years ago.

This brings to mind a rather interesting story of how Harley Harmon got into politics. He was a fireman on the Union Pacific, and one hot day, the train was way down someplace a good many miles from here

when the engine blew up. So, as Harley said, he retired. Some wag said it blew him from a cab right into politics. They got back and Harley started campaigning for the county clerk's job, which he got.

All the time he was in office, he studied law. He had only had an eighth grade education, but he studied hard. He had a wonderful personality. Passing the bar those days wasn't quite as difficult as it is now. Finally, in about 1919, he passed the bar examination. Then, he decided he would run for district attorney (that was the year I ran for county clerk). He was elected. If that accident hadn't happened, he would have probably been a fireman all his life. When that happened, it seemed like such a disaster. Actually, it was a real blessing, because Harley became quite a power in the state.

They had a big celebration about the county division, and the new officers went into office on the first of July in 1909. During this same time, there were two other projects. One was the building of a sewer system for Las Vegas. Meanwhile, the railroad shops had been in the process of construction. They opened in 1911, and until the early '20's, were the main industry in the city. Of course, the sewer project was one of very great importance, because there was nothing but cesspools in town, but they couldn't sell the bonds because the city was not incorporated. So, then they had quite a fight on incorporating the city. They had an election June 1, 1911, to decide whether or not to incorporate, and the incorporation won out.

Then, on June 22, 1911, they had another election. The first city officers elected were Mayor Peter Buol and Commissioners W. J. Stewart, Ed Von Tobel, C. M. McGovern, and J.J. Coughlin. They weren't able to get the sewer built until 1913, much to everyone's disgust.

This W. R. Thomas I mentioned was the first attorney here. He came from Los Angeles and was already fairly wealthy when he came here. The whole family came. He had a daughter, Marie, who had a beautiful contralto voice and had studied in Italy and there was a son, Ralph, who was married. His wife's name was Wanda. They had two daughters. Then the younger son, James, at the time we came here, was attending Phillips Andover, and he was just home for the summer.

There were about three of us teenage girls here at the time; Dixie Williams, whose mother was a stenographer (she was a widow and Dixie was a pretty, dark-haired girl) ; Margaret Brown, Chris Brown's daughter, who lived next door to us; and myself. We used to have picnics in the afternoon in those first few summers. The young folks would walk down to the ranch in the late afternoon. They'd transport the men and the food and most of the women down to the ranch by horse and wagon. The creek was quite a busy, alive, little stream. We'd sit under the trees along the creek and there was a pool where we could swim. We had such good suppers and we'd sit by the brook and sing afterwards. Marie had a lovely voice Then, there was a wooden platform there that someone had started to build a building of some sort, so Jimmy Thomas would dance with the three of us in turn. And, of course, coming straight from Phillips Andover, he was very much a man of the world and impressed us all. We didn't have any music, but he'd just hum and dance with us.

We lived on Fremont Street. Just east of Fourth there was the Chris Brown house, and then our house, and then a frame house that was built as a double house and W. J. McBirney, the deputy sheriff, lived there. Then there were two little frame houses about three rooms each, almost like shacks; Mrs.

Williams and her daughter lived in one. I can't remember who lived in the other one. Across the street there were the John Park house and the Noland house, which was built by Dan Noland. He was another attorney who came here. Then, there was another house built a little later by Charles Bell. He was a superintendent for the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad. That came a few years later. Still another house was built a few years later on the north side of Fremont at Fifth Street, by Frank Grace, Superintendent of the L. V. & T Railroad. He and his wife Marian Porter Grace lived there for several years. Mrs. Grace was one of the charter members of the Mesquite Club. The house they built was moved years later to the corner of Eleventh and Ogden Streets, where it still serves as a dwelling.

During that first summer, C. O. Whittemore, one of the railroad officials, sent word from Salt Lake City that he was coming down with his family. Mrs. Bracken was away and there was no real good place to eat, so Walter Bracken came over and asked my mother if they could have dinner at our house with the few guests that they wanted. He said, "Now I'll provide the meat, if you'll take care of everything else." I think there were about twelve or fourteen.

Whittemore was 6'6" tall and he had a son, Jay, who was pretty near that height. He was about eighteen or nineteen. Then there were Whittemore's wife and, I think a daughter. Anyway, Mother had the food all prepared and the table set. And when Walter came bringing the meat, it was a huge platter of quail. There were several dozen that he'd had cooked at some restaurant downtown. They were the plumpest, most delicious little quail I've ever eaten in my life. They were thick, then, down at the ranch. At that time, Walter and Anna Bracken lived at the ranch. It was before they bought the Noland house.

There are a lot of names of early residents which I would like to mention. One of them was Walter R. Bracken. He was a cousin of Senator Clark's, and he was the one that consummated the deal between the railroad and the Stewarts when they purchased the biggest part of the Stewart ranch. He married Anna Johnson, who was born and brought up in Eureka, Nevada. She had attended the University of Nevada in one of the early classes and was graduated from there. When she and Walter were married, she was teaching in Delamar, Nevada. They came to Las Vegas and lived at the house on the ranch for several years. After that, Walter became the first postmaster of Las Vegas and was also agent for the Las Vegas Land and Water Company almost until the time of his death, several years ago.

I think of Dr. H. L. Hewetson. He was the railroad doctor here. He was one of the early ones to register at the hotel. And there's Joe Tuckfield. I remember he had a little soft drink manufacturing place way down on South First Street. And W. J. McBirney, who lived next door to us in half of the double house. He was the deputy sheriff or a constable at the time. W. E. Smith of Salt Lake City was one of those that registered early. He was later to become general manager at the Potosi Mine, after the Empire Zinc people took it over. Smith had managed hotels in Salt Lake and other places, and he was interested with Thomas Hull of the El Rancho Hotel, if I remember correctly. I know that he managed it. W. D. Worrell of Salt Lake City opened a hardware store here and was here for quite a few years. James Cashman was another one of the early citizens to register at the Ladd Hotel. Of course, there were Ed Von Tobel; Dr. Roy W. Martin; Fred Pine; John F. Miller; John Wisner; Lloyd Smith; E. W. Griffith; Ed Clark and Frank Clark, his brother who came

from Pioche; and John S. Park and his son, William S. Park; Charles W. Aplin, another one of the early ones to register; and U. W. (Bill) Beckley, and Jake Beckley, who came in 1905. Bill came in 1908.

The Beckleys opened a clothing store in what was the first Nevada Hotel building. They both worked hard, and then the store was destroyed by fire. It was comparatively early, but later than 1907. The way it happened, they had been using an electric iron to press some clothes and when they went home that night, they left the iron on the ironing board and didn't realize they hadn't disconnected it. The iron burned right through the ironing board, cover and all, and got to the floor and set that on fire and burned up the store. Later, my father said that confirmed his conviction that these electrical gadgets are just not safe. He didn't take in the human error side of it. After that, they moved to First and Fremont, what's now the Pioneer Club.

Bill and Jake married sisters, Leva and Alta Grimes. Jake and Bill were born in Switzerland and came to America with their parents and six brothers and sisters in 1883. They went to school in Fairbury, Illinois, and their father was in the lumber business. They had met these two girls, Leva and Alta Grimes, and both became engaged to them before they came out here. In 1910, Bill went back and he and Leva were married that summer. That same summer, Dr. Roy W. Martin, who was one of the early corners, went back to Seward, Nebraska, and married his sweetheart, Nell Cotton.

In the fall, they had a reception for the two couples in the Eagles Hall. Of course, everybody was there. I think the Eagles put it on and they had big tables for Dutch lunch there—pears and radishes and onions, and they had been in a great, big pail that they carried around with a dipper in it. When they

passed it to Leva, she began to cry. The idea of attending any kind of wedding reception where they served beer in a bucket with a dipper! Poor Leva burst into tears, thinking she'd come to the end of the world. But she weathered it, and wouldn't be anyplace else today.

They had this lunch—it was on a huge table they had down the middle of the hall. Old Judge Henry Lillis made the toast. Of course, in those days, people were a little more reserved and modest than they are in these days. Old Judge Lillis got up and hoped that all their troubles would be little ones and they'd have many children and so forth; so that, too, kind of shocked the new brides. They thought we were getting just a little bit frank. Otherwise, it was quite an affair.

Leva and Bill had two children, Bruce and Virginia. Bruce and his wife, Carol, have two children. Bruce is a prominent Las Vegas attorney. Virginia married Jack Richardson, formerly of Ely. They have two sons, Robert and William. Bob and his wife Sandra have two children, so Leva has had the pleasure of knowing her great grandchildren. Bill is a student at College of the Pacific in Stockton, California. Leva still lives in the house on Fourth Street, which she and Bill built so many years ago. It is surrounded by business buildings and is extremely valuable property, but she is comfortable there and it is home.

Jake married Leva's sister, Alta Grimes and they had one daughter Eunice, now Mrs. David Boles. Eunice was born when Jake had a clothing store in Goodsprings, and she proved to be quite a colicky baby. Alta had made the trying trip to Las Vegas to the doctor several times, but there seemed to be no relief. One morning early Alta came over to my house (we lived just behind them) and started to cry. She had been awake all night with the crying baby. I said, "Alta, I think that baby is hungry."

Charles was only a few months old at the time. In the ignorance of my youth I fixed a bottle of Borden's Eagle Brand milk and barley water, and we fed it to Eunice. She stopped crying, and from that time on Alta fed her the same formula and there was no more trouble. To this day, I shudder every time I think of it. I might have made the child seriously ill.

Las Vegas was always quite a town for organizations. Early in the life of the city, the Eagles organized and were quite active here. Then, shortly afterwards, they organized a Masonic Lodge to which Pop belonged. They had an order of the Eastern Star, which Mother and Pop both belonged to. Mother was one of the early Worthy Matrons. I think Mrs. John Park was the first one.

Then, they had quite a scattering of stray Elks in town. They didn't have a lodge, but they used to have baseball games and parades on the Fourth of July. I'll never forget once when they were having a ball. They had it up in what they called Thomas Hall. It's where the Pioneer Club is now.

Judge Lillis, who was Justice of the Peace for a good many years and quite a character, was to give the eleven o'clock toast. Everybody was there, and they gathered around and joined hands. Judge Lillis had been visiting the punchbowl a little often and some of the members had brought private supplies and spiked the punch, so by the time eleven o'clock came, the judge was feeling no pain. When he was supposed to give the toast for the Elks, he toasted his "brother Eagles". Everybody gasped, but nobody said a word. It was such a funny thing, because he didn't know what he was doing. Of course, the Elks and the Eagles at that time were having sort of a contest as to who was best.

Then the Rotary Club came along, and Pop was quite active in that. During the last

four or five years of his life, he got out a little weekly newspaper called The Wheel, which was distributed to the Rotarians every week; he enjoyed that very much.

Then, of course, Pop was one of the founders of the Chamber of Commerce. It had its ups and downs, but has managed to grow and take quite a part of the community.

E. W. Griffith, who was Robert Griffith's father, came here early. He had a hardware store, and as I remember, also acted as undertaker. One day, they got a telegram that a man had died on the train coming from Los Angeles and to please have a coffin at the station. So Mr. Griffith's hired man got the wagon out and put a coffin in and went down to the station. When the train came in, they took the cover off the coffin and there was already a corpse in the coffin: I guess he had to do a retake and come back. He'd picked up the wrong one. Robert Griffith is one of my first pupils, so I have always been proud of the fact that he has become one of the outstanding financial figures of Las Vegas. He and his wife Ruth have one daughter, Mary Jane, and several grandchildren.

Ed Von Tobel was one of the first to register at Ladd's Hotel. He and Jake Beckley started a lumber yard on South First Street, where the business still goes on. Jake sold his interest to Von Tobel and joined his brother Bill in the clothing business. Von Tobel and his wife Mary raised four children, a daughter, Katherine, now Mrs. Kenneth Zahn, and three sons George, Ed and Jake. George is a consulting engineer and served several terms in the State legislature. Ed and Jake have taken over management of the business which has prospered. Ed Sr., is now in his nineties, but mentally pretty sharp. Mrs. Von Tobel suffered a broken hip several years ago and has since been confined to the Las Vegas Convalescent Home.

The business will soon be moving to a huge new modern building on Maryland Parkway. It will seem strange to drive down First Street, and not see the Von Tobel Lumber Company between Carson and Bridger streets.

A year or two after I was married for the first time, we were living in the house on Seventh and Ogden Streets. There was nothing between that house and Fifth Street; it was all vacant lots. I was standing at the kitchen window washing dishes one morning, and here was quite a group of people down on Ogden and Fifth Street. They seemed to be digging.

It turned out that they found the body of a small baby there. The town was just so excited. They thought there had been a murder done. The next thing to come was that it was wrapped in a sheet from Dr. Martin's hospital. Everybody was quite mystified. It turned out that the baby had died at birth in the hospital and had been taken to Lloyd Smith's funeral home for burial. Then they had the graveside services for this baby.

Meanwhile, they went to the cemetery and dug the box that the baby had supposedly been buried in, and they found only a yellow rubber glove in the box. It seems that the undertaker had wanted to do some experimenting, so he had put the glove in the box and buried the "baby" at the cemetery. After he was through experimenting with this fluid he didn't quite know what to do with the body, so in the night he had wrapped it up in a sheet and come out here at Fifth and Ogden and buried it. I guess he hadn't buried it deep enough because some dogs or animals had unburied it. father. One afternoon as we drove up to the entrance of the Title Insurance Company, one of the men on the sidewalk said, "Mrs. Squires, do you always drive without a bit?" Sure enough, Dolly's bit was hanging out of her mouth, but

she had traveled the same route so many times that she didn't need any direction.

During the years in Los Angeles, Mother became interested in club work. She joined the Friday Morning Club and was very active for years there. She also helped organize the Mother's Club. (I am not sure whether that was the name, but it was the forerunner of the Parents-Teachers Association.) That interest persisted after coming to Las Vegas. (In Las Vegas, she was a charter member of Southgate Chapter of the Eastern Star, of Christ Church Episcopal, the Mesquite Club, and Parent-Teachers Association. During the '30's she became sponsor for the Beta Sigma Phi sorority, an association which continued almost thirty years and gave her much pleasure. Although of a much older generation, the outlook and activities of these young women were a source of great joy. She was made a life member of Beta Sigma Phi, about 1951 or 1952.) There was no more hospitable couple than in our home. Mother and Father both loved having company. They really liked people, rich or poor, great or small. Every visitor of any importance usually wound up with his feet under our dinner table. Afterward we would settle around our fireplace in winter or on our wide front porch in the summer. As children we were privileged to listen to real conversation, something young people today came in the house they had this big bouquet of artificial flowers. Ruth said, "Well, where did you get that?" They said, "We found it on the sidewalk." It turned out that Mr. Roberts had put it on the door and the wind had blown it off and they had picked it up and brought it home. Ruth made them go back after it got dark and put it back on the door.

In 1928, Archie and Zora Grant bought the house next door to my mother and father, on the east, Where Hazel and Nick Williams

had lived. Archie had purchased the Ford Agency and garage which was located in the Sal Sagev Hotel building on South Main Street. They had one child, a little girl, who had been injured at birth. She was a beautiful child, but completely helpless. The love, care and devotion that Archie and Zora lavished on this child and their genuine grief when she died at the age of six have been one of the beautiful memories in my life.

Although Archie sold his agency some years ago, he had continued active in political and civic affairs and has served with distinction on the Board of Regents of the University of Nevada for several terms. Zora is a member of the Mesquite Club and P. E. O. sisterhood, as well as several bridge clubs. She served one year as President of the Nevada State Federation of Women's Clubs.

Zora's father and mother, H. P. and Myrtle Marble lived with them. Mr. Marble was an accountant and worked with Archie. Later he became Mayor of Las Vegas, and one of the earliest government low cost housing projects constructed in Las Vegas, Marble Manor, was named after him. Speaking of Charles Aplin, as I was a little while ago, brings to mind an early day experience of my mother's and father's. Aplin bought property at Bridger and Main Street and built a fairly good sized hall, which they called Aplin's Hall. It was built with two-by-fours, and it had a wooden floor. Through the summer, of course, the wood dried out so that the wind and the dust came in from all sides. In the fall in 1906 or 1908, my father asked Mother if she would like to go to a Democratic rally they were having at Aplin's Hall. He felt he should attend.

In those days, everybody took their lanterns and walked down the middle of the street. It was cold, windy night and they got into Aplin's Hall, which was pretty well filled up, and they waited and they waited and they

waited, and the candidates didn't appear, so my father said he guessed he'd go back and investigate. He returned pretty soon and said, "Well, they'll be out pretty soon. They're feeding them black coffee."

When the candidates finally appeared on stage, it turned out that they'd had this long drive by horse and buggy. They had gotten into town after dark and it was cold and they were tired, and instead of filling up with food, they started getting around to do a little campaigning at the various saloons. So, of course, by the time eight o'clock came, they were all pretty well unable to navigate. They finally got them straightened out enough so that they could come out on stage and take a bow. John S. Park introduced them and they mumbled a few words. As they were going home, my mother said, "Well! Is that the best the Democrats could do?" And, Pop said, "My God, Delphine, don't say a word. You should have seen the Republicans last week!" (The other campaigns I can recall are those I was engaged in myself, which was only two.)

In those early days, Rhyolite was thriving and Goldfield and Tonopah. There were sixteen and twenty-four horse teams that hauled the heavy wagons that transported the ore from the mines to the railroad in Las Vegas. Senator Clark conceived the idea of constructing a railroad to Tonopah. Meanwhile, Borax Smith started construction of a line from some place on the Santa Fe to Rhyolite. There was quite a race to get them completed. So it wasn't long before they had the railroad through from Las Vegas to Goldfield and Tonopah. Of course, from Tonopah, they had a railroad on to Reno, so that made the travel to Reno only two days, instead of a good many when you had to go around through California or Salt Lake. There was quite a lot of passenger travel, and I guess they made quite a bit of money transporting

the ore in those first few years. It was enough to make it worthwhile.

My mother went to several meetings of the state Federation of Women's Clubs, one at Goldfield and one in Reno and another in Yerington, in those early days. The delegates would take the train here, and take their lunch. Then about noon, the conductor would have a pot of coffee on his little stove and they'd share their lunch with him. They'd get into Goldfield usually in the evening. The train did go on to Tonopah, but they would often stay at Goldfield overnight, because that was such a wonderful hotel in those days. Then, the next day, they would continue on their journey wherever they were going.

I remember our next door neighbors at that time, were a family by the name of Tooley. Mr. G. G. Tooley was a conductor on the L V & T, and he would go up one day and back the next day. He had three daughters who were nearly my age; Marguerite, Josephine, and Anita.

One day, we fixed up a lunch and took the train. With Mr. Tooley as the conductor, we rode up as far as Rose's Well, where there was a little telegraph station, and the trains passed. Well, there was one other passenger on the train, and when we got off at Rose's Well, this man got off with us and stood there. Meantime, the train from the north pulled in on the track toward the station. We were just standing out, waiting around for that train to come so we could take it back. So, we got on that train, and but before we got on it, it was stopped there a few minutes and the train bound for Tonopah pulled out on the other side. And here was this poor passenger left standing. He missed his train and he was so mad at us, because we had gotten off. He was waiting for us to get on and he thought we knew what we were doing. So, the telegraph operator said, "Well, all you can do is just wait

around here until the next one comes through tomorrow. So, here he was, stuck out in the middle of the desert. We got on the train coming back and came back to Las Vegas, and he stayed and waited for the next day. Speaking of the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad brings to mind J. J. Coughlin, who was Maintenance Superintendent. He brought his family to Las Vegas. They included his wife, two sons, Frank and Joseph, and two daughters, Rose and Ella. He built a comfortable two story house on Fremont Street near Fourth Street, after the entire block has been filled with business concerns. Mr. Coughlin was killed when a train ran into the hand car on which he was riding. Mrs. Coughlin died many years later. Rose Coughlin and I were close friends during the years I was teaching. She married Lloyd Ullom, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ullom. He was county treasurer for many years. There was one daughter, Frances. Lloyd died and Rose went back to teaching. She retired several years ago. Ella was a librarian in Los Angeles City Library until she retired a year or two ago. Neither of the boys married and Frank died while still a comparatively young man.

About 1911, the San Pedro, Los Angeles, Salt Lake Railroad finished building its shops here; they opened in 1911. That brought quite an influx of people that worked in the store. It was what they called the company store. They had offices there. It added a lot to the social activities as a town, because there were quite a few young people employed.

Mr. Frank Cragin was one who came as superintendent. He was the father of Ernie Cragin and Edna Cragin Borsack; he had quite a large family. They moved here then. There were James and Ethel Smith. There were Mr. and Mrs. John Lightfoot and Bess and C. E. Pembroke. The Pembroke's were both very talented young people; they could

sing and dance and they helped stage a lot of home productions for the community. We used to have very good times—parties and so forth.

The shops remained very active and lucrative as an industry until after 1922. At that time, they had a strike and the company brought in strikebreakers. Of course, there was a lot of bitterness between the union and the strikebreakers and things were pretty serious. I know they tarred and feathered one man. My husband had hired some of the strikers on survey crews and some of the non-union men came out and tried to intimidate him, but it didn't succeed.

Finally, in the summer of 1922, Governor Boyle came down to see if he couldn't arbitrate affairs and get some sort of settlement. They had a meeting in the courtroom at the courthouse and my office—I was county clerk at the time—adjoined it. During this meeting, Governor Boyle came in—they had taken a short recess—and he said, "Florence, have you got an extra handkerchief?" He was nearly dying of hayfever. Of course, we had no Kleenex in those days. I had hayfever, too, so I had several extra handkerchiefs. So, I gave him one, which I think was probably inadequate, but he was able to go back to the meeting. (Just a year or two before we left Carson, which was in 1950, I got a note from Vida Boyle and in it was this handkerchief. She said, "Florence, I've been going through some old papers of Emmet's that were in an old trunk and I found this handkerchief with a notation to return it to you. He borrowed it." And, that was twenty-five years later. It seemed so funny, after all that time.) That strike was during an election campaign. I was campaigning for my election to a second term as county clerk. So I was kind of between the devil and the deep blue sea,

because I was trying not to alienate anybody and the town was pretty well divided as to pro the strikers and con the strikers.

The strikers sent a committee to ask me to sing at a couple of meetings. I couldn't very well turn them down, and I did oblige them, but I felt so uncomfortable all the time about it, because I knew that somebody on the other side was going to get mad. But it didn't do any harm. It was a hard kind of a dilemma to be faced at the time.

After they got the strike settled, it wasn't too long until the railroad began transferring a lot of their operations to Los Angeles, so I think the strike really hurt the workers more than it helped them. They couldn't foresee it at that time. I can't remember what the strike was about. I know that they tarred and feathered one man, and they had the strikebreakers housed inside of a stockade. There was ugly feeling and bitterness on both sides. It was all too bad.

It was during that strike that Delano Wengert went to work for my husband, C. C. Boyer, on a survey crew. He had been working in the shops, so, when the strike came up, he just went out and C. C. gave him a job. He is now general manager of the Union Pacific Railroad.

This Uncle John Culver that I spoke of before, told my father that if they could ever build a dam across the Colorado River, it would furnish all sorts of flood protection for California and could also be a source of electric power. Of course, that was way back in 1905. Well, then, along and around 1917 and 1918, Henry Schmidt, who was the state controller, became very much interested and had quite a lot of exploration done on his own. He wanted to get private industry to finance the building of a dam, but he never was able to put it over. Then, in 1920, the southern Californians had become very much

interested in the project, so they had formed the League of the Southwest.

Any history of Clark County can't be complete without the story of the old ranch, the purchase of which in 1903 by Senator Clark started the building of the railroad and the town of Las Vegas. The ranch was originally settled by Mormons. When the Mormons returned to Utah, O. D. Gass took over the ranch and later sold it to Archibald Stewart.* He brought his young wife to the Las Vegas ranch in about 1882 from Pony Springs, near the silver camp of Pioche.

When Helen Stewart's husband began to talk about buying the old Las Vegas ranch, she was very much disturbed and tried to dissuade him as she still remembered so well the lonely days at Pony Springs. But when she found that he was in earnest, she forgot herself and her loneliness and agreed to accompany him when he told her that in all probability, it would be only for a short time.

Archibald Stewart was a natural born rancher and soon had fields of alfalfa and vegetables, grape vineyards and orchards growing. He used to sell the products to the miners in Eldorado Canyon, making the trip by night. C. Kiel and his son had the ranch about three miles north of the Stewart Ranch. It had become a hangout for many unsavory characters. One day while Stewart was returning from Eldorado Canyon he was inveigled into going over to the Kiel Ranch, and was there murdered and robbed by one Hank Parrish, who escaped on a stolen horse. Some years later Parrish was tried, convicted and executed for a similar crime in Utah.

The Kiel's sent word to Mrs. Stewart to come get her husband's body. Ordering an Indian ranch hand to follow her with a wagon, she rode over to the Kiel ranch and found her husband's body in front of the ranch house. Many years later when the Parks lived at the

ranch, and I visited them frequently, they used to show me a bullet hole in the door of the old adobe ranch house, which was alleged to have been made by the bullet which killed Stewart. Helen J. Stewart, with the help of the ranch hand, put her husband's body in the wagon, brought it home and prepared it for burial. Ike Allcock, from Eldorado canyon, who was spending a few days with the Stewarts, fashioned a coffin from the outside doors of the ranch house, as there was no other planed lumber available. Mrs. Stewart read the burial service and Archibald was laid to rest in "Four Acres" the family burial plot. Later that summer another child was born, who was named Archibald. He died at the age of about fourteen and was buried beside his father.

I am indebted to Florence Lee Jones Cahlan for the information on the Kiels. They have always been referred to as the Kyle brothers. There is even a canyon in the Spring Mountain range, where the Charleston Park resort is located, named Kyle Canyon. However, Florence Cahlan, who has been avid student of southern Nevada history, has gained much valuable information from her research, from the journal kept by O. D. Gass and from conversation with his daughter Mrs. Lelah Vegas Gass Slaughter. In his journal, Gass has always referred to C. Kiel and his son Ed. Kiel worked for Gass for some time and built the water wheel and flume at the

*My father researched and wrote the story of the Mormon settlement, and also the history of the Stewarts in Nevada. He was a fine writer, so I shall refer the reader to his manuscript, which has been microfilmed by the University of Nevada Library. See Charles P. and Delphine Squires, "Las Vegas: Its Romance and its History." MS. Microfilm. University of Nevada Library.

old ranch. Since Gass was an educated man, having graduated from Overland College before coming west it doesn't seem likely that he could have misspelled the name. Florence told me one of the entry in the journal, dated July 4, 1879, in which Gass told of their Fourth of July celebration. He stated that C. and Ed Kiel, Tommy Moran, and Sam Dye had dinner with him, a dinner which consisted of chicken, grapes, and wine. Perry Gass, O. D.'s son was also present. After dinner Sam Dye set off some powder on the anvil, and the flag waved in the breeze. In December, 1877, Gass recorded that the Kiel's spent Christmas at the ranch. I remember Helen J. Stewart very well. She was a charming little old lady. She had had quite a lot of education for her day, and she was very hospitable. Of course, she welcomed travelers. She said that when travelers came from the south, she would never see them until they got to the ranch, but when they were coming from the north, she could see them coming across the desert and would hurry and put coffee on and a pan of biscuits in the oven. She always hoped there would be a woman in the party. And people would come, of course, and camp for two or three days, and the longer that they stayed, the better she liked it.

She had altogether, five children, I believe, and she raised them out there on the ranch. William J. was born at Pony Springs. He was County Commissioner for quite a while. Then there were Hiram and Tiza and there was another daughter named Eva born at the ranch.

There were very few neighbors. C. and Ed Kiel, father and son, lived at the Kiel ranch, which was later the Boulderado ranch. Mr. Jim Wilson with his Indian wife and her two sons, Jim and Tweed, lived at the Wilson Ranch, which was later purchased by Chet Locke of Lum and Abner fame, and now, I

believe, belongs to Mrs. Vera Krupp. Charles Towner and his family lived at the Indian Springs ranch, forty-five miles to the west. The Joseph Yount family had settled at the Manse ranch in the Pahrump Valley in 1876; then there were something like 300 miners employed in the Eldorado Canyon, at one time one of the richest gold camps in the United States. I remember Helen J. Stewart very well. She was a charming little old lady. She had had quite a lot of education for her day, and she was very hospitable. Of course, she welcomed travelers. She said that when travelers came from the south, she would never see them until they got to the ranch, but when they were coming from the north, she could see them coming across the desert and would hurry and put coffee on and a pan of biscuits in the oven. She always hoped there would be a woman in the party. And people would come, of course, and camp for two or three days, and the longer that they stayed, the better she liked it.

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time one of the richest gold camps in the United States. By the time we came here, Mrs. Stewart was not living on the ranch proper; she was living in a house across the street that they built after selling the ranch proper. Mr. and Mrs. Bracken were living at the ranch and we had picnics and luncheons and played cards.

One day we had all gone down for lunch. We were all in the swimming pool and it started to rain. Every one of us climbed out of that pool and streaked like mad for the house when the rain started. I will never forget, Mrs. John S. Park was a very, very proper little lady from Kentucky and she had worn some kind of a white slip into the pool to bathe. I don't think she had a bathing suit. When she got out and ran for the house, this white slip was plastered to her. She looked as if she didn't have a stitch on. She was the last one in the world you would ever expect to ever expose herself, but she ran like mad for shelter.

I don't remember any legends about the ranch except those my father wrote. I remember once, Mrs. Bracken was having some friends to lunch. This was in the quite early days. She had decided she would make some bread the day before she had the lunch and the bread just didn't rise. It looked as if it was going to be very unsatisfactory, but she hated to throw it out and she had all these women coming. So she just put the pan in the bottom dresser drawer in her bedroom. She thought she would decide what to do with it after the guests were gone. She didn't want it sitting around. Well, after the guests were gone, she went into the bedroom and here was the dresser drawer pulled out, and half full of bread. She always said she wondered who looked and what they thought of her with the bread rising in the drawer. Somebody was snooping. William J. Stewart, when he was County Commissioner and I was County

Clerk, used to tell a story of the years when Sam Yount, Joseph Yount's son, had a little store and post office at Sandy, and William J. Stewart took care of the mail here in Las Vegas. There was an Indian mail carrier; he used to go on horseback and carry the mail sacks. Well, every once and a while, one of them would run out of tobacco and they would ask the Indian carrier to take a sack of tobacco to San, or Sam would ask him to bring one over to Bill Stewart. Well, finally, the Indian mail carrier told them he would have to be paid for this service, which made them mad, because, of course, it was not heavy. From that time on, whenever they sent the tobacco, they also added a sack of flour in the mail sack, and they would lock it in. Very soon the Indian mail carrier decided he would deliver the tobacco. I imagine the post office department would frown on that now, but at was decided they would get even some way, so they did. He couldn't open the pouch. There he was, he had to carry it.

When the Younts came out here, they came from Oregon in 1876 with Charles Towner and his family. They were driving a herd of wild horses down from Oregon, and they planned to settle in Arizona. When they got as far as Ash Meadows, they made camp there. A band of renegade Indians came in and drove off all their work horses during the night. So here they were, stranded at Ash Meadows with no work horses— just these wild horses they had with them.

So Joseph Yount and Towner decided they would have to see what they could find, and they set out on foot to do some exploring. Finally, they got to Indian Springs ranch; there was only a little ranch owned by an Indian called Whispering Ben. There was a spring and there was some vegetation. So Charles Towner decided that he would stop, and he bought this little spot from Whispering Ben.

I guess they called him that because he had some difficulty in speaking.

Mr. Yount went over the mountains from Indian Springs down the other side and found a spring of water and some Indians camped near what is now Manse. He settled there, and they lived there until about 1915, or 1916 when they sold the ranch.

I was there once during the time we lived at Goodsprings. They had beautiful vineyards. There was a nice ranchhouse built of adobe, but very comfortable—thick-walled—lots of shade, some vines and fields.

A little while after the Towners moved to the Indian Springs place, Mrs. Towner and the daughter decided they couldn't stand the loneliness. They climbed over the mountains when Mr. Towner was out, to the Manse. They managed to get transportation away from there and they never came back; nobody ever knew what ever became of them. Towner and his son lived there until he later sold the ranch. First he sold to a Mr. and Mrs. Lattimer (George and Belle).

There was one funny incident early in the century. The Lattimers employed a young Indian boy called Coachie. Wild Bill was an Indian who did work on the ranch and he was very cruel to this Coachie. Coachie was scared to death of Wild Bill. Mr. Lattimer got an infection in his hand and along in 1906, Mrs. Lattimer drove him in to town from Indian Springs, and they took the train to Los Angeles to see a doctor. So Coachie was left in charge at the ranch. He was sitting on the front porch when he saw somebody coming from way off. He watched him, and finally saw it was Wild Bill. He was scared to death of Bill so he just decided he would disappear.

Well, he went into the house the back way and when Wild Bill reached the house he was exhausted. Bill just sat down on the

front porch and laid back and went to sleep. Coachie took a gun from inside and went out and shot him, then ran off.

Well, when the Lattimers got back, a long time before they got to the house there was this awful smell. When they got up there, they realized that it was what was left of Wild Bill on the front porch. So they shoveled him into a shallow grave.

A few weeks later Emmet Boyle, who was State Engineer then, was making a trip down through the country and he stopped overnight at the Lattimer ranch. He asked Mrs. Lattimer if she could let him have a room and meal and she said she could. So while they were eating their meal, she kept sniffing and sniffing and—Emmet said, "Is something the matter?" She said, "Them damn dogs has dug up Wild Bill again." So, Mr. Lattimer had to go out and bury Wild Bill a little deeper. Emmet helped him.

Coachie was later located, tried, and found guilty and sentenced to several years in the penitentiary in Carson City. Later, when he had served his time, he returned and was accepted as a good and respected Indian.

In 1910, the ranch was rented to Mr. and Mrs. Ira MacFarland, who later purchased it. They had been living in Goldfield, where Mr. MacFarland represented the Rand-McNally Company. They came from New York in the central part of the state, where they were brought up on neighboring farms and where their families had been located for over a hundred years. They knew what a farm should look like.

It was a sorry looking place when they took it over, but they were very optimistic of their new venture. The barns and cow sheds, as well as the large pile of tin cans—hundreds of them, as well as other rubbish—were in the front yard. All the rubbish was removed. The barns and sheds were located further down in

the ranch, quite a ways from the house, which did away with the fly nuisance. The pool was cleaned out, stocked with goldfish and red and yellow cannas planted around it. The goldfish were a constant joy to everyone who visited the ranch. When they heard a step on the back porch, they would come in swarms to the edge of the pool. I don't believe fish swarm. Finally, the Indian Springs ranch was one of the show places of Nevada. They loved having company and Mrs. MacFarland—no matter if you arrived unexpectedly—had the table beautifully set. She had candlesticks and crystal and good china, and the lunch or dinner was always quite an occasion. They had an old man that worked in the kitchen named Jimmy, and he was quite a good cook. His only trouble was that every time he'd get paid, he'd take off and go into Las Vegas and get drunk and be put in jail for two or three days. Then my father would usually go down and bail him out and put him on the train and send him home.

When they had guests for dinner, when it was time to eat, Jimmy would put on a white coat and carry in the roast and Mr. MacFarland would carve it and serve the plates. Then Jimmy would carry them around to Mrs. MacFarland, who put on the vegetables. Then he'd go back in the kitchen. When it was time for dessert, he would put on his white coat and come in and serve it. He made quite an occasion of the affair.

My mother, who had suffered a great deal with asthma in the summertime, used to go and spend a good part of the summer at the MacFarland ranch. They had a couple of little guest rooms and they would rent her one for the summer. She and Mrs. MacFarland always had a wonderful time together during the summer months. That was before the folks got a cabin up at Lee Canyon. Mr. MacFarland passed away in

the '30's and the ranch was sold, with the provision that Mrs. MacFarland should have a home there the rest of her life. When the new owners moved in, they needed the old ranchhouse, so they built a nice, five-room cottage for Mrs. MacFarland with all the modern conveniences, which she had never had before. She lived there until her death.

When the Younts came from Oregon, a young schoolteacher by the name of Harsha White came with them and he later married the Yount's oldest daughter. They lived at the Manse ranch, and in later years moved to San Bernadino.

Sam, who was one of the sons, started a little store in Sandy, which is over the mountains from Goodsprings in the Pahrump Valley. In those days the Yellowpine Mine was just getting started and in fact, there was a lot of prospecting around. Nobody had much of any money, so Sam, for his groceries and so forth, took stock in trade. Finally, he started a store in Goodsprings, and by the time the mining camp became really prosperous, Sam had lots of stock. And the stock made money. When he finally retired and left there, he was practically a millionaire. He had taken stock on the Boss Mine and it turned out to have very rich deposits of platinum. That was worked for several years. The ore they shipped out of that netted about \$15,000 a car, and they shipped quite a lot of it until the ore streak ran out.

After Sam started this store in Goodsprings, he sent for his nephew, George Fayle, to come up and go into business with him. He established a small store and a boardinghouse at Jean, which was on the railroad line then—the railroad was just coming in. They named that station there on the railroad in Jean after Jean Fayle, who was George's wife. They had charge of the boardinghouse.

Later, when Sam was ready to retire, George bought the store in Goodsprings and erected a hotel there. He and Jean moved to Goodsprings and discontinued the boardinghouse in Jean.

That hotel opening was quite an event. There were a large number of people who drove over from Las Vegas and they'd had caterers from Los Angeles send in the food. We danced all night, I remember, and when we quit in the morning at six, the maids were coming in to set the table for breakfast. We'd had a wonderful time.

Leonard Fayle, who lived here in Las Vegas is quite a prominent businessman. He was one of their sons—they had too. The oldest one was Arthur; he lives in Delano, California. They had one daughter, the youngest child, Jean Nevada Fayle. She died along in the late '30's or early '40's of heart trouble. Her only child, a son, Howard Purdue, still lives here and is with the Eastman-Dillon Company.

Leonard married Anna Trapnell, who was teaching school in Los Angeles. There were three children. Leonard Ray, the oldest died when a small child. Edward George is a mechanical engineer in Phoenix, Arizona. The daughter, Jane Louise is married to Philip Norgren, and resides in Stamford, Connecticut. Leonard has a number of business interests here and is still vitally interested in the Goodsprings area, as well as serving on the Board of Directors of the Las Vegas Valley Water District. With the children grown and away from home, Anna has returned to the profession she loved and has been teaching for the past eight or nine years.

George and Jean were a wonderful couple. When George died of the flu in 1918, he was just getting to the place where he could really enjoy the prosperity that had come to him. He'd worked awfully hard. That f

ii, epidemic took the most prominent men of Goodsprings—first, Harry Riddell, the assayer for the Yellowpine Mining Company; then about three weeks later, Fred Hale, Jr. who was general manager of the Yellowpine; then, George Fayle. There were many cases of influenza, but not another death.

During that epidemic, the Fayles turned part of the hotel into a sort of hospital, because there was no doctor there. A doctor had to come over from Las Vegas and they managed to get a nurse from San Bernardino, who took charge of the cases.

There was one old miner who'd been given up for dead about the time George Fayle was fighting for his life. The doctor said death was only a matter of hours for the old fellow, so he turned his efforts to try to save Fayle's life. In the middle of that cold, winter night, the old miner got out of bed, went down the street half a block, bought a pint of bourbon, and drank it. And then he lived.

George Fayle was County Commissioner at the time the courthouse was built and he did a lot of other wonderful work for the county. Jean, his wife, was one of the really wonderful persons I've known. She was born in Scotland, but she was so patriotic, the only thing that would really make her mad was if you referred to her as a foreigner. She would just simply lose her mind. George told me this once—he said, "Now the only thing I'll warn you about—don't ever call Scottie a foreigner." And I thought, well, he's exaggerating." But once just for fun, I referred to her as a foreigner and she wouldn't speak to me for weeks, she was so furious. She was very outspoken. You knew just exactly where you stood with her.

Jean was also a terrible cook. George used to say to her, "My God, Scottie, if you just won't cook." They used to always have a cook at the hotel, you know, but once in a while

she'd get an idea she'd like to do something around the kitchen. She couldn't follow a recipe.

After George's death, she continued for a while to live in Goodsprings, but, of course, the prices of lead and zinc began going down at the end of the war. So, as I remember they finally sold the store. She moved to Los Angeles for a while and then eventually moved back here after the children were out of school. The boys went to the University of Pennsylvania to school and the daughter, Jean Nevada, graduated from Mills College. Sometime after Jean, Sr. came back here, she married Clint Boggs, who was one of the early day merchants here. He had been chief of police and a number of other things. He died in the early 40's, and I think Jean died along toward the end of the '40's. I don't think having a town named for her bothered Scottie. Of course, at that time, Jean was the heaviest shipping point on the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railroad, because there was so much ore being taken out. The first time I ever saw her was when my daughter was born and we were living in the house on Seventh and Ogden Streets.

I'd heard about Jean Fayle of Goodsprings, but I'd never met her. She came out of the house while I was still in bed to see me and she said, "You know, I've just decided I've been insulted." And, I said, "Why?" "Well," she said, "I was just in Uncle Bill Hawkins' store" - Bill Hawkins had this general store down on Fremont Street and everybody in town called him Uncle Bill - "When I went in there, this clerk said to me, 'Mrs. Fayle, I have some lovely new face powder' (that was in the days before people went in too much for cosmetics), and I said to her, I don't use powder.' And that girl said to me, 'I can see you don't.'" That was my first experience with her. Old Tecopa was the great Paiute chieftain of all the Indians

in the southern part of Nevada and part of California. Tecopa, California, is named for him. There are very wonderful hot springs at Tecopa, where many Las Vegas people go now to take baths for arthritis and so forth. Old Tecopa was a very old man at the time of his death, which occurred in 1904. He'd hung on tenaciously to life because his son, who would have succeeded him as chieftain, was just plain no good. He kept hoping that the son would either die or reform, because he hated to leave his people at the mercies of this no-account person. But he finally died in 1904, and was buried at the Pahrump ranch.

Harsha White, the brother-in-law of Sam Yount, was a good friend to the Indians down through the years. The chief once told Harsha that when he died, he wanted to be buried in a box like white people were. So, when he died, his wish was granted—he was placed in a box, clothed in a band suit trimmed in bright red braid, which had been the gift of George Montgomery of the Montgomery-Shoshone mine near Beatty. On the old man's head, they had placed his beloved silk hat and around him they wrapped his red blanket. The hat and the red blanket call to mind another story.

Years before this incident, Tecopa had sent word by runners to the miners in Calico of an intended raid on them by some renegade Indians. The miners were so grateful to him for saving their lives that they asked him what he would like as a gift. He said he wanted a high silk hat and a red blanket. So, thereafter, as long as he lived, the miners in Calico kept him supplied with a silk hat and a red blanket.

When O. D. Gass lived at the old ranch, which he had taken over when the Mormons had abandoned it in 1858, Tecopa used to spend a good deal of time there. He just loved to take over the management of the Indians who worked on the ranch, and Mr. Gass was perfectly willing that he do so, for, as their

chief, he could get more work out of them than anyone else. All of them eagerly obeyed his slightest wish.

One day, an Indian was accidentally killed and no one was in any way to blame, but there were mutterings and sullen looks, as though the Indians might try to make something out of it. Mr. Gass became frightened, fearful for the safety of his wife and children, so he hurriedly hitched up a team and started for Ivanpah, over 150 miles away, the nearest place where he could leave his family. The round trip took about a week.

On the way back, he stopped at the Pahrump ranch and one of the men employed there offered to go home with him. When they reached the top of the hill, where they could look down on the ranch, they saw old Tecopa sitting on top of the haystack with his silk hat on his head and his red blanket over his shoulders, directing the affairs of the ranch. Everything seemed to be peaceful—the hay had been cut, the fields irrigated, and the crop cared for. When Tecopa saw Gass, he descended from his throne and he extended a welcoming hand and then asked to speak to him in private. Taking him aside, he asked Gass to call on the bereaved widow and ask her what sum would compensate her for the loss of her man.

The thought of asking a wife to put a plain dollar and cents figure on her husband so all the world might see the real value had never occurred to Mr. Gass, but if Tecopa thought of it as the proper thing to do, he would do it. So he made a visit to the teepee of the widow, and asked her to place a value on her husband's life. The bereaved one seemed a little surprised and closed her eyes for a minute as if in deep thought. Then she looked at Mr. Gass and said, "Give me ten dollars." (This story was told to my mother by Sam Yount, so it's vouched for as being true.)

I would like to tell a few things of Fort Callville. The story of Fort Callville is one of imagination and romance. It started in 1864, when the authorities of the LDS Church at Salt Lake City, their imaginations fired by the stories of the navigators of the Colorado, decided to try that route for bringing supplies and new converts to the church in Utah.

Anson Call, a man of faith and strength, was selected to head the enterprise. He was sent as trustee of the church to establish a post at the head of the Colorado River navigation. From Utah, he followed the valley of the Rio Virgin down to the Colorado and chose for a site a piece of land on the north bank of the river, two or three miles west of the Boulder Canyon. There he built great corrals enclosed by walls of stone, a warehouse, and dwelling houses with which walls of stone laid in adobe. This was appropriately called Fort Callville.

The enterprise was based upon the idea that this would shorten and make easier the transportation of converts from Europe to Utah, bringing them across the Isthmus of Panama up the gulf of California to the mouth of the Colorado River, thence by river steamer to Fort Callville and from there by wagon to Utah. Two steamboats, the Esmeralda and the Nina Tilden made the trips with some regularity between Fort Callville and the mouth of the Colorado. The owners of the boats carried a standing advertisement in the Salt Lake Tribune, until December 1, 1866, when they were discouraged by the building of the transcontinental railroad from the Missouri River to San Francisco. In June 1869, Fort Callville was abandoned by the LOS Church, due principally to trouble with the Indians.

In 1938, my father and Frank Crowe, the construction engineer for the building of the Dam made the trip by boat to Fort Callville,

where the rising waters of Lake Mead were already lapping at the stone foundations. Frank said, "Better take a good look, Charlie. We are probably the last human beings to see this historic old fort." Today, it lies buried under 500 feet of water. My father had some excellent pictures of Fort Callville, showing the main building in a surprisingly good state of preservation, in spite of having been abandoned seventy years before.

Recently, I found a little information on Eldorado Canyon. At the time the Stewarts came to the old ranch, there were approximately 300 miners working in the canyon. The first mining locations were made in 1859, by a few soldiers on exploration duty. They staked the Honest Miner, which years later became the Rand Mining Company property. According to some records and mining camp gossip, early Spanish explorers found precious metals in the canyon in 1775 or 1776. More than a century later, Indians gave Mrs. Helen J. Stewart a crucifix of ancient Spanish design which they had found in a cave near the Colorado River. The crucifix was presumably left by some member of the Father Carces party.

During the period from 1848 to 1864, Eldorado Canyon was successively a part of the state of Sonora, Mexico, the territory of New Mexico, the territory of Arizona, and the state of Nevada. At one time, the region was erroneously claimed by Utah.

John Powers, one of the early prospectors in the canyon, was the original locator of the Wall Street mine. He had great faith that the claim contained rich ore, and he worked diligently as long as his money and his strength lasted. Everything in the way of food and blasting powder was extremely high, blasting powder then costing a dollar a pound. In his efforts to find the rich ore he was sure was on his claim, Powers drilled by

hand a hole of considerable depth, but did not shoot it as he did not have any more powder and no more money to buy it with.

At this discouraging time, Joseph Wheaton, a representative of the Southwest Mining Company happened along and paid Powers \$25,000 for his claims. In those days, \$25,000 was nice little fortune and Powers was happy to unload his troubles on someone else. This was in 1895.

Since Powers was the only person who really knew the claims and had ideas about them, he was promptly hired as foreman. He immediately shot the hole he had drilled and opened up the rich vein he had been looking for, a seventeen foot width of ore averaging \$259 per ton. Between 1895 and 1898, the Wall Street mine produced \$2,750,000 worth of ore.

From records available and furnished by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. L. Gresh, the principal mines including the Mocking Bird, the Quaker City, the Techaticup, the Wall Street, and the Rand, produced \$11,650,000 in ore. Mr. Gresh stated there had been a number of smaller profitable operations on which no records were kept. When the Wall Street was sold in 1898, the story goes, John Powers went to Las Vegas and proposed marriage to Mrs. Helen J. Stewart, then a widow. According to the story, Mrs. Stewart replied, "You are a fine man, John, but I won't change my name." John went to Los Angeles to live, later lost his eyesight and spent his last days in a home in Boyle Heights.

Among the remembered names of those who had abiding faith in the Eldorado Canyon was Ike Allock who was the operator and the engineer of the old tractor hauling ore from the Techaticup Mine to the mill. Allock died in Las Vegas after he had reached the age of 100. There were also Tex Evans, and later P. A. "Pop" Simon who acquired the Techaticup

Mine about 1930 and outfitted the mine for the use of electric power in anticipation of the completion of Hoover Dam. The old tractor at the mine finally came to rest on Pop Simon's property at Jean, Nevada, where his widow Margaret still lives.

Another old-timer was Clark Alvord, who ran a store in Nelson. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. L. Gresh, Cy and Bertha, lived for many years in a comfortable little house in the canyon. They bought a good many claims and made some money, but never gained the riches they had thought would be theirs. However, they never lost faith that they would eventually make a fortune. When Cy died some twenty years ago, Bertha went east to live with a brother, but after a year homesickness induced her return, and she still lives in the little house in the canyon.

The Roy Martins, Dr. Martin and his family were always close friends of ours. Dr. Martin came in about 1905. He had had quite a hard time getting his education. He had worked at most everything, but finally graduated from medical school. At the time he graduated there was some epidemic in Mexico, so he went there and stayed for a year. He heard about Las Vegas so when he left Mexico he came up to Las Vegas and established himself.

He was a very engaging character. He loved to talk. When you called him, if you were sick, by the time he had sat and visited with you for a little, you felt real well. He had a wonderful personality and a lot of anecdotes. He was a good doctor too, but he just had that faculty of making you feel better when you talked to him.

He started a drugstore; it was on First and Fremont, the Las Vegas Pharmacy. Upstairs there were two or three rooms in which he had his office and a couple of rooms with beds which he could temporarily use as a

makeshift hospital. Later, he bought the old Palace Hotel building on Second Street near Fremont, and had a hospital there. He went back to Nebraska in 1910, and married Nell Cotton. They built a home on the corner of Fifth and Fremont, just a few houses away from where we lived. They lived there a good many years and then finally sold that house to the University of Redlands which leased it to the operator of the service station that was there for many years, and moved to a house next to his little hospital on Second Street. Then about 1928, or 1929, he built the Las Vegas hospital which is at Eighth and Ogden and is still used as a hospital.

Dr. Martin was great fan for automobiles. This was around 1919, or 1920. The girls were still young. He started to make a trip to Pioche. When he got to Hiko, someone told him of a shortcut to Pioche, so he decided to try it, and was in this God-forsaken canyon when the Franklin ran out of gas. There they were in the middle of summer. They had about a canteen of water. He decided that no one would probably be coming that way, because the road looked as if it were almost never traveled.

He took part of the water, left the rest for Nell and Frances and Maizie, his daughters, and started to walk. He walked eighty-three miles back to Hiko. He started at three in the afternoon and he reached Hiko the morning of the second day along about two or three o'clock in the morning. He got an automobile and help and water and drove back to pick up his family.

They were all right, but they had run out of water and the heat was intense. It had rained a couple of times, and they had wiped the water off the windshield to try to moisten their mouths.

In telling about his walk, he said he used up his supply of water. There were some

showers, and there would be a little pool of water in a cow track. He would dip this up with his hands and drink it, which wasn't very palatable, but it kept him alive. For a man close to middle age, that was really quite a feat. He must have been in his forties then.

Another early incident Dr. Martin told once, was of going to a section house out north of Las Vegas. Of course, there were no street lights, but he always did have an automobile. A Mexican woman was about to have a baby. When he got out to the section house which is out seven or eight miles, the husband was just practically crazy, he was almost out of his mind. He demanded the doctor had to stop this right now. Of course, there was only one thing that was going to stop it, but the husband was ready to take Dr. Martin out and fight if he didn't get his wife out of pain right away. I asked him, "Well, what did you do, Roy?" He said, "You know, I just knocked him out, dragged him over in the corner, and went on with my business." Dr. Martin had to boil the water, he had to tear up sheets for cloths and so forth but, he said, "There was only one thing to do, I just knocked him out."

Another time he was called way up to someplace near Pioche on a ranch to find a man suffering with appendicitis. The appendix had burst. He operated on a kitchen table, and the man pulled through. His daughter Maizie still lives here; she is Mrs. Howard Jones. Nell died in the late '40's, after being ill a good many years, and he died along in the early '40's. The other daughter, Mrs. Richard Donnelley, lives in New Haven, Connecticut. Her husband, a professor in the law department at Yale, died a year ago.

The John S. Parks lived in the corner house at Fourth and Fremont, across from the Squires and Brown homes, for quite a few years. It was

rather interesting that they always kept a light burning in the front and the backyards. This was because John Park, as cashier and then president of the bank, always had a fear that some robbers would come into town and break into his house and force him to go down and open the safe. So that whole yard was always lighted every night, and the night police went by every once in a while to look at it.

They had one son, William S. Park who was a dentist here for many years. He was quite a—you might say—Romeo with the ladies. He was very personable and went with a good many of the young women around town. Finally, to the dismay of all of them, he went back to Kentucky and married a little schoolteacher, Marybelle Viley, whom everybody adored. She just died last summer. William died a good many years ago.

After he retired from dentistry, William Park became quite a collector of ancient artifacts around this country. He had a big collection of interesting things; I think he turned them over to the museum in Overton. The Parks finally, in the early '20's sometime perhaps a little before that, bought the Kiel ranch, what is now called the Boulderado Guest Ranch, and built two very nice homes out there. The house in town was sold to Billy and Ruth Ferron.

William and Marybelle had one son, John William, who was, of course, the pride and joy of his parents and grandparents. He went into the Air Force during World War II, and was killed in action. He and his wife Virginia had one daughter.

W. W. Ferron came here about 1915, and bought an interest in the drugstore with Dr. Martin. His family had lived in Salt Lake for many years, his father had been a surveyor all over Utah. There's a little town in eastern Utah that was named after his father; Ferron, Utah. (It happens my neighbor across the street,

Jerry Erickson when she was a little girl, lived in Ferron, Utah. Her father was in mining.)

There never was a nicer person in the world than Billy Ferron. In 1917, he went to Salt Lake City and married Ruth Cotton. Ruth was born in Minneapolis, but her family had moved to Salt Lake when she was quite a small girl. She was educated at Rowland Hall. She graduated from Rowland Hall spent one year teaching at American Fork, Utah. They had quite a big wedding, at St. Mark's Cathedral. They rented houses in several places before they bought the Park House.

She was one of the prettiest women I ever saw, and vivacious. To this day she is full of energy and enthusiasm. Her husband died over a year ago, in December, 1964. They had two daughters: Barbara Ferron who was married to Leo Doyle from Reno (She attended the University there, and he died some years ago); and Shirley who was married to Bernard J. "Bud" Swanson a little later. He died in December, 1965. Ruth was the life of any party.

She had several funny experiences. When they lived in the house they bought from the Parks, she was vacuuming in their bedroom one morning, and found a sticky substance on the carpet. She felt it and it seemed like honey. She looked up, and here was a trickle of honey coming down from the ceiling, and a big wet spot on the ceiling. They sent for a carpenter and the carpenter came and found that a swarm of bees had hived up in the roof just above the bedroom. I forgot how many pounds of honey they took out of that place. Of course, none of it was useful, because it was full of dead bees and dust and so forth. They took just pounds and pounds of honey out of there.

Soon after Ruth came, a group decided to give *The Mikado*. That was while I was living in Goodsprings, so I came over to see

the performance. Ruth took the part of "Yum Yum," and she was so pretty and so good in it. My mother was "Katashaw" and my sister-in-law Nila—Jim's wife—was one of the "Three Little Maids from School." I think Dr. Park was in it, too. It was quite a successful event.

Ruth tells of a funny incident at one period in her life when the girls were small. She was treasurer of the PTA. One morning Cyril Wengert from the bank called Bill up and said, "Ruth's overdrawn again." Billy came tearing home and Ruth said, "No I'm not, I've got this balance." They began looking through her checks and they found that the bank had been taking all of the PTA checks out of Ruth's account. So when they got through sizing it up, Ruth was able to collect \$300 from the PTA and come out solvent.

In the early '30's, Ruth and Billy built a home out on South Fifth Place, which was then pretty well out in the country. It was a very lovely place, and they have had it remodeled and improved several times. In spite of all the new additions and new fashionable subdivisions they continued to live there. Ruth still lives in this house.

Before Bill death, they had several trips to Europe and around the world, a very nice and enjoyable time. Ruth loves to entertain; to this day she entertains constantly. Of course, she is able to do it very nicely, because Billy prospered. He had two stores here, one out at Fifth and Oakey, the White Cross, and for a number of years he had a store in Boulder City. In the '20's, he had another store on Fremont Street just next to where Mother and Pop lived, the Fremont Drug. During the Depression, when times were a little hard and the construction had not gotten started at the Dam, he closed that one down.

Shirley Swanson, the younger daughter, has three sons, Larry, a junior at Pomona College, David, a freshman at Tempe,

Arizona, and the younger Timothy in junior high. She is a secretary at the Nevada Southern University.

Barbara also had three children, two sons and one daughter. She lives in Berkeley and works in the research department of the University of California hospital. Her oldest son, Mike, is married. Her second son, Don, is in college. The daughter, Kathy, graduated from high school last June, and in September went to Switzerland to go to school there for a year. Barbara thought she was a little young to go into college, so she felt this year would give her a nice background and a little different experience.

Fred Hess was one of the old timers in Las Vegas; his widow, Pat Hess, still lives here. He was one of the early mayors after the incorporation of the city of Las Vegas. At the time, he was civil engineer doing some work on the Colorado River for one of the Stetson companies. They had quite a camp down on the river, a very nice house and nice furniture. They even had a grand piano. In the early days they used to take weekend parties down occasionally.

On one occasion, Pat took Grace Mildren, who was Dr. Forrest Mildren's wife (he was an associate of Dr. Martin), Celia Cragin, who was Ernie Cragin's wife (he was also a mayor and prominent in business here), and Frances McNamee and little Fran, who was just a little girl at that time, and Bess Pembroke. The men were not coming down until the weekend; the women went down in the middle of the week. They took a cook with them. All this was long before any construction work had been started on the Colorado River. At this time Fred Hess and his associates, Melvil Gillette of the Gillette Razor Company and young Bill Stetson, son of the man who made the western-type hat popular (if a fellow could afford to wear a Stetson hat he was placed in

the upper brackets), were searching along the Colorado River up in the vicinity of Boulder Canyon for placer mining claims. Mr. Hess was a land surveyor and also a mining engineer.

The Hess place was a delightful spot and picturesque. It was nice to read, swim and relax in the white sand. Also to knit, play bridge or get caught up on sleep. One afternoon, the women were enjoying themselves on the white sand, and one of them spied two strangers far down the trail, heading in the direction of the cabin. As they came nearer, they did not look familiar nor were they dignified in appearance, so the women made a break for the house, and to be on the safe side, closed and locked the door. Then, to feel doubly safe, they placed several pieces of heavy furniture against the door. As the men reached the cabin, the women saw that they were armed with guns—the sawed-off kind. The women were terrified.

One of the men pounded on the door with his gun and asked for food. Mrs. Hess was quickwitted, and replied that dinner would not be ready until a party of surveyors returned a little later, but that she would give them some food. Food was passed out to them and they took it to the shelter of some willows along the river. Then quiet reigned inside the cabin, where the women hardly dared to breathe. They spent a sleepless night, fearful that the two men might return.

Sure enough, a daybreak the next morning, they came to the door and asked the way to Muddy Valley where they said there was a railroad. The women gave directions and also more food. It was with relief that the women watched the strangers set out toward the north, presumably on the way to the Muddy Valley.

In Las Vegas meanwhile, things had been happening. Al James, the proprietor of the

Arizona Club, had recently bought a bright shiny new automobile and had left it parked in front of the club. When he went out to drive it home, it was missing. The sheriff was called and he soon had a gang patrolling the roads to the north and the south and toward Tonopah. Nobody had seen any indication of a new car.

The next day, purely by accident, Al James' new car was found in the middle of a road toward the Colorado River, buried down to the axles in soft sand. It was evident that the thieves had started to the Colorado River as the best place to hide until they could find a way out.

The sheriff formed a posse, and at daylight the next morning, they found the car near the trail to the Hess cabin, which they reached a few hours after the robbers had left for the valley. Nothing was ever seen of the two men, but it was rumored in a newspaper story that the same pair had been arrested and were serving time for a similar crime in one of the middle west states. The women were regarded as heroines when they returned home. Their many friends hovered around trying in some way to lessen the effects of the experience they had just undergone.

There was one spectacular case where they arrested a Mexican for killing a man. They put him in the little tin can jail here, through the hot summer months. It was before we had a judge of our own, and court wouldn't be held until fall. The fellow that had been killed, a lot of people agreed ought to have been killed. The Mexican claimed he did it in self-defense, although the other fellow was shot in the back.

After the summer months rolled around, some of the citizens got together and decided that they might just as well dismiss the case; the poor devil had been in that boiling place all summer long. The victim could well be dispensed with, so he had really done them

a favor. They were just about to dismiss the case and let the Mexican out of jail, when he managed to take the roof off the jail and escape. They got a posse together and finally caught him and held him for the next court session. They sent him to Carson City for breaking jail.

Out at Four-mile Springs, back in either the early '30's or the late '20's, the Cornero brothers, Frank and Tony, came in and built a very nice restaurant and gaming room or casino. It became very popular with local people. They served good meals and pretty good liquor. While gambling wasn't yet legal, they went along all right without any trouble. They operated for two or three years. It was a popular place to have dinner parties and dances, and nobody ever seemed to interfere with them. Not too long after they started, gambling became legal, in '31 or '33.

Then the place caught fire, and the city fire department dashed out as far as the city limits and wouldn't go any further. They had been fighting a lot of tires outside of town and the city commission had decided that they would have to limit their activities to inside the town. There was no county fire department so the Cornero brothers had to watch their place burn; it didn't burn completely, but the biggest part of it burned down. They were disgusted then and left.

I remember Frank Cornero, the older. Tony was the younger brother; he was the best-looking young fellow. He married a very pretty girl while he was here. I believe they are still married. Their mother was here with them at the time. She was a little old Italian lady, as sweet as she could be. When they left here they got interested in the gambling boats off the coast.

Before his death, Frank Cornero was instrumental in starting the Stardust Hotel. He never lived to get any profits from that

because he died from a heart attack during its construction. They had a lot of trouble financing its completion.

Later, the Clippingers took the original club, the Meadows, over. There were a few rooms left there and it became Roxie's. It was quite a famous house of prostitution all over the country. I noticed in the paper the other day that Mr. Roy Clippinger died. He finally spent several years in the penitentiary. I don't know if it was for running the house of prostitution or income tax evasion.

When we first came back from Carson, the year after we got here was county election. They had this big fight over the sheriff's job because they tried to prove that Glen Jones who had been the sheriff at the time, had been giving protection to the Clippingers and the house they ran. I don't know if they ever proved anything. That was the time that W. E. Butch Leypoldt, who is on the Gaining Commission, was elected sheriff.

Leypoldt made a very good sheriff until he resigned to accept the post on the gaming board. He and his wife had had no children. My mother was very fond of both the Leypoldt boys, and of Butch and his wife particularly. Just after we came down here after my husband retired, they were able to adopt a baby boy. I remember they brought it by to show Mother. They were so thrilled over having this baby. I asked Butch about the child the other day when I was talking to him and he said, "He is up here on me," pointing to his shoulder. It just doesn't seem possible.

Another early day gaming place was the Pair O'Dice out on South Fifth Street. I believe that is where the Last Frontier Hotel was built. They served pretty good meals and had a little gambling in there. You could dance and have parties. I went to several dinner parties and a luncheon or two out there. Grace Hayes had a place out there; it was called the Red

Rooster—now the site of the Castaways. She is Peter find Hayes's mother.

Mother told an interesting tale of the first suffrage speaker to be down there. They were rather active on the suffrage question up in Reno, but down here in Clark County, there hadn't been any great activity. That is, the women all felt that if they told the men they wanted the vote when it came to election time, they would give it to them if they didn't antagonize them. They didn't do too much about it.

On Saturday during the last week in October, 1912, Mother received a wire from Anne Martin of Reno, head of the suffrage movement in Reno, announcing the fact that she was sending Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, a nationally known suffrage speaker and a niece of the noted Henry Ward Beecher, to Las Vegas. Would Mother get her a hall for the following Monday evening? Miss Martin had probably selected her because she was president of the Mesquite Club at the time. There was no suffrage movement in Las Vegas. As there were no funds available, she asked the president of the school board for permission to use a schoolhouse.

It was a most uncomfortable place to hold any sort of a meeting for adults, because the seats were the ones used by the children, and were too small for an adult. She was told that the schoolhouse was theirs to use, and that the janitor would have it both warmed and lighted. They all felt they were all set.

Mother wrote,

I somehow felt very uncomfortable, because I was sure she would say something that would make the men mad. However I consoled myself with the thought that in all probability there would not be many men there. I could visualize just four, Charlie Ball, David

Farnsworth Frank Stewart and Pop, all dragged there, against their will, by their wives.

The day of the meeting arrived. Then right after breakfast a member of the school board came to the house. It seemed that there had been an error in the schoolhouse schedule, and there was another activity scheduled for that evening that couldn't be cancelled or postponed. Mother went calling on her friends to try to find a solution to their problem, but was unable to find a suitable place for the meeting.

When the hour came for her arrival, they went to the train to meet Mrs. Oilman, and had no trouble in spotting her. She introduced herself and then they started back toward town where they had engaged a room for her at the Nevada Hotel, now the Sal Sagev.

Mother was a little apprehensive about telling Mrs. Oilman about the problem of meeting place, but she didn't expect anything like the manner in which Mrs. Gilman took the news. Mrs. Gilman said that she would speak from a platform or not at all. Mother said that it was her privilege to do as she pleased, and she left.

We heard later that Mrs. Oilman spoke from an open car at the corner of Fremont and First Street and was booed, which meant she had said that which should have been left unsaid.

The next day Mother and six members of the Mesquite Club were going to Goldfield for a meeting of the State Federation. They went on the LV & T train which was made up mostly of freight cars and ore cars, but on the end they had one car that was divided into three parts, one for baggage and one for the conductor (it had a stove and so forth) and a little portion in the back for the passengers.

Just as they were about to leave, the door of the depot opened and in walked Mrs. Oilman, who was also going to the convention. Mother said she put her pride in her pocket and went over and spoke to her and introduced her to the club members. Mrs. Gilman was freezingly polite and immediately boarded the train. Mother described the scene: "The small compartment was full to overflowing. When at last they were seated Mrs. Oilman was in the very back seat, well hidden behind the morning paper.

They had brought a wonderful lunch. When they got it set out on the table that conductor McGovern provided for them, they invited the train crew to eat with them and there was one other male passenger. They asked Mrs. Oilman if she wouldn't like to have lunch with them, and she said she preferred to get off at Beatty and eat her lunch.

When they got to Goldfield, Mrs. Charles Sprague met them and took them to the Goldfield Hotel, which then was quite a beautiful place with mahogany furniture and plush carpet and so forth. She told them to hurry, because after dinner there was a great treat for them.

After dinner, they were taken to the Opera House and listened to Mrs. Oilman. Then they were taken to the stage and introduced to her. From Goldfield, Mother went on to Reno to visit Mrs. Fred Siebert who was Tasker Oddie's sister, and who had lived next door to us in Las Vegas when her husband Fred was here as a mining engineer. Mrs. Siebert met them at the train and hurried them to the Century Club, where again Mother listened to Mrs. Oilman, and was again introduced to her. "At this point it really was quite funny and we both laughed," Mother said.

Another suffrage speaker was a Reverend Anna Howard Shaw, who was not only an

ordained minister, but a medical practitioner, as well. She was also the president of the American Women's Suffrage Association. She gave a lecture on October 8, 1914, which was much enjoyed by the women who attended. The men made themselves scarce that night.

Just a few weeks after Dr. Shaw spoke in Las Vegas, Senator Francis O. Newlands came to town to give a campaign speech. The exact date was October 27, 1914. The Senator was touring the state on his campaign for reelection. I remember he was a very popular man. In fact, the Majestic Theater was so packed that night, they had to put up a "standing room only" sign out.

I should mention the Leo McNamees. Frank McNamee was born in Eureka. He was a barber for many years. He had a shop in Delamar when it was a thriving camp. Then he decided to study law. He passed the bar and was District Attorney in Pioche for quite a long time. Later, when he became attorney for the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad Company, they moved to Los Angeles. He was a delightful man, so full of stories and anecdotes.

The Frank McNamees had seven children, Leo, Frank, Alf, Luke and three girls, Effie, Genevieve and Lucile. They were in Pioche when we first moved here, or else were there visiting. I don't think he had become attorney for the railroad at the time we came. That first summer Mrs. McNamee came to see my mother. Judge Frank McNamee was just a tiny babe in arms at that time. My mother used to embarrass him by telling him she had changed his diapers on several occasions.

Leo married Frances McCrystal in Salt Lake City in 1914, and they came here to live. They lived across the street from my mother and father in the middle of the block next to the Brackens. They had seven children,

including Frances, who is now married to Julian Moore, and Mike who died of cancer several years ago. He never married.

Mike was short, and he wanted to get in the Army in the second World War. He took stretching exercises and worked on it until he was able to pass the fraction of an inch that he needed, to get into the Army. There is an American Legion chapter here named after him.

Mike developed a tumor on the brain and he was operated on at Mayo. They had to cut the optic nerve in order to remove the tumor which was malignant. He was an inspiration to everybody. Even after he lost his sight and they got one of these seeing-eye dogs for him, he never complained. He was a wonderful person.

Then there was Marion who is a nun with the Holy Family Sisters and quite a marvelous teacher. She was a wonderful education and is an authority on the education of retarded children. Her convent is in San Francisco, but she travels all over the country.

Then there is John who is attorney here. He is married to Ann Rittenhouse. They have two children. Frances, the oldest girl, has five children, four girls and one boy. She is now two times a grandmother; they have the second grandchild now, a few weeks ago.

Then after John there was Patty, who married Norman Dion. He was in the Navy—I don't know if it was the Coast Guard or Marines—for many years and just retired a year or so ago. They have five children.

Then there was Ann who is married to Loy Martinet, and they have five children.

Joe, the youngest one, is also an attorney here. He and his wife Carol have three little girls.

Leo died about eight years ago and Frances still lives here. Marion and Patty do

not live here but the rest of the family does. Frances keeps busy with her grandchildren and church work and so forth.

Art Ham came to Las Vegas in about 1915, and was associated with W. R. Thomas, the attorney. He was just out of law school at that time. Soon after that he married Alta Merrines. They still live here, and have three children, Art, Jr., Betty, and Robert. Betty is married to Lt. Colonel Derald Dokter, now retired. All three children live here. They have six grandchildren who also live in Las Vegas. Art has been in very poor health for the past year.

A couple of the other early families were the C. P. Balls and the R. E. Lakes. The Balls built a house on Seventh Street just north of Ogden, and were neighbors of ours when we first moved to Seventh and Ogden. Mr. Ball at that time had a transfer company and a little later he went into the grocery business.

The early incident that was really of interest to the neighbors was when the Balls had three daughters—Wanda, Lola and Ellen, and Mrs. Ball was pregnant. They wanted a boy so badly. We knew that Dr. Martin had gone out to the Balls—it was the Fourth of July—because Mrs. Ball was about to deliver this child. Everybody in town hoped that it would be a boy.

We were on the front porch at Mother's when Dr. Martin came back from the Balls' fairly early in the morning. Everybody was out on their porches, and they hollered at Dr. Martin, "Well, what was it?" He said, "They got a boy!" It was a matter of civic interest that this baby should be a boy. They named him George because he was born on the Fourth of July. As a young man he was drowned in the lake. Mr. and Mrs. Ball are both gone.

The Lakes drove here from Pomona, California. They came up before the railroad

was in, drove out by horse and wagon. When they first came, they lived in a tent down on Third Street. Mrs. Lake had four boys and four girls.

The Lake children were Claude, who was eighty years old on February 7, 1967, and he still lives in Las Vegas; Tom, who lives in California; Cliff, who died some years ago; and Ernest, always known as "Spud," who was active in law enforcement work for many years and who also still lives in Las Vegas; Alice, the oldest girl, now Mrs. Earl Rockwell; Olive, married to Earl Eglington and living in Oregon, and Emily Nowells, the youngest, who lives in Santa Barbara, California.

She was one of the sweetest, nicest women I ever knew in my life. Anybody was in trouble, and Mrs. Lake was right there helping out. She died about a year ago; she was ninety-five or ninety-six when she died.

Speaking of Earl Rockwell, brings to mind another of the real pioneer families. Leon and Earl Rockwell came here with their widowed mother in the early days, when both were very young men. They started a plumbing shop, later adding electrical repair work. They were hard workers and thrifty, and today are two of the most stable and prosperous citizens of the community.

Another of the original families were Al and Eleanor Bishop, who lived in a tent city on the southern edge of the townsite. There were five children, Alice, Jessie, Mary, Bill and Clarence. I remember Jessie as she was one of my pupils the first year I taught school. They left the area many years ago.

Another of the early families here were David and Frances Farnsworth. He came here from Caliente and went to work in the bank. Their daughter, Dorothy, was the first baby born in the new town of Las Vegas; she married O. W. Preston and they have one son,

John. There was one other daughter Betty who is married to Elmer Casey. The Caseys have three children and live in New York City.

I have mentioned the Cragin family. Mr. Frank Cragin, Sr. was the manager of the storehouse over at the shops. They had a big family of children. Ernie Cragin was one that I remember because he was in my age group; his sister Edna was another. Edna married Ed Borsack and still lives here. Their son Don now operates the El Portal Luggage Shop on Fremont Street, which has been a family enterprise for about thirty years.

Ernie Cragin and his partner, Bill Pike built the El Portal Theater. When they had the opening they put a beautiful pipe organ in this theater. Bess Pembroke and I got in this cubby-hole where the pipes were and the organist played a couple of songs and we sang from up there. It was supposed to be very impressive. The opening of that theater was quite an affair. Ernie died five or six years ago, and his widow Celia still operates the business. Their only son Marleau died during World War II. M. R. Harrington, who was quite a famous archeologist, was sure that there had been inhabitants here many years ago, so he went over to Moapa Valley with a group of people to help him and started excavations trying to find out something. They had found earlier, from the Gypsum Cave and other places, that there had been an earlier civilization here. They still don't know how many years ago. They didn't know exactly where to start to dig but they felt that these ancient people were agriculturists and needed water with which to irrigate their fields. They would naturally locate near the river. Also their homes must be above the level of the river so as not to be flooded when the river rose after the spring rains also the torrential ones in the late summer.

They finally decided on a mesa that follows the river for several miles down the valley, and there they began their work. It wasn't long before they were rewarded by finding what looked like an old adobe wall. After careful digging in the area they found that it had been constructed partly of adobe bricks and partly of adobe which had been mixed with stone. When fully uncovered, the discovery proved to be a one room house minus a roof. Many such houses were found along the river for a distance of four miles.

It is believed that the Virgin River Valley was once a very fertile section and that the people who lived there irrigated for the growing of their crops. Evidences of canals have been found. The inhabitants, it is believed, left their homes because of climatic circumstances which caused their agricultural lands to become useless. At that time, this valley was more thickly populated than at any time since. They found several types of architecture. All of the houses were of just one room. There was a pit house, circular in form, half above the ground and half below, with the entrance in the top. These were quite similar to the kivas found in New Mexico and used by the Indians there. There were many of the rectangular style with the entrance on the roof, which was reached by means of a ladder which was pulled up to the roof every time anyone entered the house. The ladders were made of vines lashed together with leather thongs.

One communal dwelling was uncovered which consisted of one hundred apartments. It differed from the Pueblo in Taos, New Mexico, inasmuch as the one in St. Thomas had but one story, while the one at Taos had five.

In the houses there was practically no furniture other than pottery and baskets used in their housekeeping efforts. There were

a pestel and matate used in grinding their grains, several large pottery jars for the storing of food raised on the farms, and a large woven basket which had been covered with a gum. Probably the juice of a desert plant made the basket waterproof; it was used as a water jar. It was from the items found in the excavation under these homes that the real story of their life was learned.

When people died they were usually buried in the house with their household belongings around them. There were jars of seeds and things from the farmland. Pottery baskets told of their appreciation of the beautiful, as did pieces of silver jewelry of exquisite design set with turquoise. Cotton balls and bits of cotton cloth were evidence that the art of spinning cotton into thread had been mastered, as well as the making of dyes.

Some scientists believe that the people who lived here so many centuries ago are of the same stock as the Orientals who came across the straits from China. There may be some foundation for this as many characters found in the picture writing were read by a Chinese student at the University of Nevada several years ago.

After the discovery of these ruins, Governor Scrugham decided to have a pageant. C. C. had been appointed, along with his other job as Park Supervisor or something of the sort, as a representative for the State Parks in the area. He had quite a lot to do with helping put on this pageant. There was a man from the East, John Armstrong Chaloner, who thought that such a pageant would bring people from outside the state, and make them realize its historical background. Mr. Chaloner gave a check for \$5,000 to Governor James Scrugham to apply on the expenses of the pageant. The date set for the showing of the pageant was May 23, 1925.

We looked eagerly toward the coming of that day on which we were to witness one of the most novel spectacles ever produced in America. At last the day arrived. With our guest, Cecil Creel, who at that time was associated with the State University in Agriculture, we got aboard our old Buick and set out for St. Thomas. We were well provided with lunch and a demijohn of good Vegas spring water, as we had been warned that no food could be purchased in St. Thomas.

We joined the caravan of 1,200 cars carrying 6,000 people. The highways were not nearly as good then as now, but we made rather good time. We made the trip in about four hours. It was about five when we arrived, so we ate our supper. We parked the car in the area set aside for this purpose which had been covered with a thick layer of straw to prevent the cars from bogging down in the sand. Then we found seats where we could watch the scenes as they were shown.

A band of Zuni Indians, who were supposed to be direct descendants of these early inhabitants, had been brought from New Mexico to reconstruct the section of the old pueblo and also to participate in the ceremony. The stage they had set simulated the courtyard with a group of ancient Pueblo houses and a kiva in the foreground. There was a raised platform in the rear where all the action took place.

The beauty and mystery of the scene is difficult to describe. Most of those who took part were either children or grandchildren of the early Mormon settlers who had crossed the plains and deserts. The great crowd gathered to see the reconstructed pueblo, as darkness came down and it was really an impressive sight; not so much for the numbers, but for the remoteness of the place and the strange surroundings. My mother later wrote an

account of the pageant in an article I found in her scrapbook. She said,

I shall never forget the haunting beauty and the impressiveness of that first scene when from out of the surrounding darkness, a brilliant light fell upon the platform to reveal the figure of an Indian standing all alone with folded arms with the blackness of night all about him. It filled everyone with a feeling of pride; this indication of the strength and character with which these people were endowed.

Following that, there were ceremonials and dances of the various tribes, scenes of the coming of the Mormons, and on down to events of this era. This was filmed and shown in almost every picture house in America and in foreign countries.

Before the Goldfield, Las Vegas and Tonopah railroad was torn up, about 1910, or 1911, Dr. and Mrs. Martin and Mother and Bess Pembroke were invited to the Johnny Mine, near Ash Meadows as guests of O. T. and Edna Johnson. The mine had produced some very valuable gold deposits and at that time had been taken over by A. P. and O. P. Johnson of Los Angeles. They were very wealthy men in that region. Their son, O. T. Johnson, had been at the mine and gone down to Indian Springs to visit the MacFarlands. He met a young woman there with whom he fell in love, and they were married. They were having their first big party up at the mine.

Dr. Martin and his trusty Franklin, Mrs. Martin, my mother and Bess Pembroke (Mrs. C. E. Pembroke), took the trip up to the mine. Mother said the house was really most comfortable and attractive. They had several guest cottages around. They enjoyed

the evening and they had a wonderful dinner. Then Mrs. Martin and Edna Johnson, who was quite a talented violinist, entertained them all evening with music. They had also been invited to visit in Beatty where they were trying to mine this marble that had been discovered.

They left the Johnsons' the next morning and traveled to Death Valley Junction, thinking they would go to Beatty by way of Death Valley. When they got the Death Valley Junction in time for lunch, they found out that this Franklin car would never make the narrow curves on the really bad road to Death Valley.

They decided to go then from Death Valley Junction straight to Beatty. They made the trip, and passed Dante's Point out from Beatty just about sunset. They described a very beautiful view that they got at that time of day. Then they got to Beatty, and it was eight miles from there to Carrara where the marble was.

It was after dark when they got to Carrara. The superintendent had been called out of town; he was the one who had invited them to come. His secretary met Dr. Martin at the office and said that arrangements had been made for them to stay all night. He took Dr. and Mrs. Martin to one house, and then he took Mother and Bess Pembroke a little distance away to another house. He lighted the lamp for them and left.

When Mother and Bess started to look around, they went into the dining room and here was food on the table, just as if someone had been eating recently. There was a fire in the kitchen stove, and a cat crawled out from under the stove. When they went into the bathroom they found clothes soaking in the tub. They felt that a mistake had been made, that they had been put in the wrong house.

They could see the light in Dr. Martin's house a little ways across the gully so they stumbled through the dark and over to Dr. Martin's house. They knocked on the door and when he opened the door they told him the situation. He was quite provoked. He said, "Now go back and go to bed; that is where you were told to go." They didn't have anything else to do, so they stumbled back and into the house.

When they looked at the bed, the sheets were kind of grimy and the pillow cases were soiled. They couldn't find any clean sheets, so they turned the sheets over and pinned towels over the pillow slips, and were just about ready to get in bed when they heard the gate close out in front.

In a minute somebody came up on the porch. They were scared to death. Somebody knocked on the door. Bess was always a timid creature and Mother said she looked at her and realized that if anything was done, she was going to have to do it. She said, "Who is there?" This man said, "Well, the man that lives here, is here. Who did you expect?" She didn't know what to do. She said, "I'm Mrs. Charles P. Squires of Las Vegas." Mother said apparently he had never heard of Pop; it didn't make any impression on him at all. He said, "Open the door and let me in." They opened the door to let him in. When he came in, Mother said, "Well, I guess the secretary must have made a mistake." She said the minute she mentioned the secretary, the man's attitude changed entirely. He said, "Oh, the secretary put you here?" She said, "Yes." He said, "Well, that's perfectly all right. You just stay here. Everything is perfectly all right. You just go to sleep, and everything will be fine."

They found out the next day that this couple were the parents of the Superintendent's wife. They lived in a little cabin out in the rear

of the Superintendent's house. When they found out their daughter was going to be away for five or six weeks, they had moved into the house because it was more comfortable. They apologized and got out and Mother and Bess went to bed. They were frightened and upset over this incident.

Another family that were early ranchers here were the Tomiyasu family. They were a Japanese family who came and took up a farm out in the valley where the Sierra Vista Ranchos are now. It is a very exclusive and beautiful residential section today. Mrs. Tomiyasu died; one son is a very talented physicist at one of the California universities; the daughter is a doctor. The oldest son, Nanyu Tomiyasu lives here. They are all delightful people.

The sad part of it is that they sold their place, and did not get all of their money for it. There was a mortgage—for not too much—on the ranch, and someone bought that mortgage without the Tomiyasus knowing about it. By the time they found out what it was all about, these people had gotten an order from the court allowing them to take over the property. The Tomiyasus had kept up the property, and had lived there all those years. Everyone in town was so incensed because the Tomiyasus could have gotten the money, but they just didn't understand what it was all about. They had to move off the property they had taken up and developed and made into their home. It was so sad. It was all perfectly legal, but it just didn't seem right. Nanyu is one of the lay readers in our church. All the children of the family had wonderful educations, but Nanyu, being the oldest, had to stay home and take care of his parents.

My father was an early, untiring advocate of the building of the Boulder Dam and I am sure no single person devoted more time and effort towards that project—both through his

newspaper and personally—than did Charles P. Squires.

Beginning in 1920, when he was appointed Governor Boyle's representative to the meeting of the League of the Southwest, until the final ratification of the bill for the construction of the dam, he worked unceasingly for the project. He spent a great deal of his own time and money in working for the final passage of the bill, but felt that it was well spent, since it seemed to ensure a prosperous future for his beloved Las Vegas, which he had helped to create.

My father went to the meeting as a representative of Governor Boyle and took with him as delegates Roy W. Martin, Jim Cashman and E. W. Griffith. They spent five or six days drawing up resolutions. My father prepared most of the resolutions which were accepted. Then they decided to have another meeting in Denver in April, with the governors of the seven Colorado Basin states present.

Father attended that meeting, too. There, they called him "Governor Squires," because he was the representative of the Governor of Nevada. He served on the Committee on Resolutions. He attended most of the subsequent meetings, and wrote several accounts of the activities of the Commission.

He described all of the maneuvering of the various groups in his memoirs, so I shall refer my reader to that volume for the details. I don't know whether he told this in his account: It was my father who insisted that in the distribution of water that Nevada be allowed 300,000 acre feet. Nobody at that time thought we'd have much use for it, but he insisted that it be put into the compact. He spent most of 1928 in Washington, lobbying for the passage of the Boulder Canyon Project bill. When the bill was finally passed, somebody had the idea of having a meeting

on the river bank, as a thanksgiving for the passage of the bill. About a hundred people knelt on the bank of the river, offering up a prayer of thanksgiving.

Incidentally, this plan was broached by a fellow who was working on *The Age* for us at that time, and who was quite a publicity stunt operator. I was always a little ashamed to of it, because it was purely publicity—they had the cameras there and everything. I had this feeling about having the paper back of the thing. It was one of those things that newspapermen do. Shortly after his defeat by Franklin D. Roosevelt, President Hoover visited the Dam for the first and only time. He wired my father and mother to meet him, so they went to Boulder City.

Incidentally, C. C. and I drove with Mother and Pop out to Boulder City. President Hoover had been taken to the Dam by Walker Young, I believe, and he came back to the Administration Building steps and made a little speech. Then, we met him and he asked us to ride back on the train with him. My husband had driven the car, so he got in the car and came back, but Pop and Mother and I took the train, came back with President Hoover and visited with him as far as the Junction.

The only recollection I have particularly is how tired he looked. I never in my life saw a man look so worn out and so completely defeated. Of course, it was a result of all the trials and tribulations of the Depression and the campaign and the smearing he'd gotten, which he didn't really deserve. I can remember only how tired he looked.

Of course, between the time of the passage of the bill, and the appropriation of the money for the construction of the dam, there was sort of a lag and a lot of people came in and started up enterprises. Things didn't materialize right away, so there was sort of depression along

with the national depression, because the people went broke and they couldn't pay their bills and things didn't come along. It was a little discouraging time for the people of Las Vegas in a business way, until they really got started. To begin with, they had hoped that whatever camp or community they had would be nearer to Las Vegas, but they built Boulder City where it was. In the end, it was just as much to the advantage of everybody that it was built where it was. It is a well-planned and lovely city.

Of course, during the construction period, all those workers on the crews that could get off made it into Las Vegas as fast as they could, especially weekends. So, things picked up and got better after they got started. I can't remember just how many years it was in construction, but it seemed like a remarkably short time. It seems to me it was only about four years in all, which was very short, considering what there was to do.

We were so interested in every stage of it: when they first got the tunnels drilled and by-passed the water through the tunnels, and then began to pour the cement for the dam construction itself. The state, very soon afterwards, began to improve the highway, from here out to Boulder City. That happened while my husband, C. C. Boyer, was division engineer here, and they improved that highway several times before he left in 1935. Once they widened it to four lanes. During the dedication of the dam, we were in Ely, so we didn't see it. That was about '37 or '38.

On April 17, 1926, the Western Airlines began the first airmail service to Las Vegas. The airport was a strip of desert where the Desert Inn Hotel is located. The county dragged a strip of desert and filled the deepest of the gullies. The plane, piloted by Maury Graham, made the trip from Los Angeles in two hours and thirty minutes, carrying about

2,000 letters. There were about 200 cars and spectators out there at this airstrip waiting to greet them.

They were supposed to take off at ten forty-five, but the plane got in a little ahead and they did a little servicing. About 3,500 letters went out from Las Vegas to Salt Lake. Most of these had been sent in by outside philatelists for cancellation, as this was the first time. After that, once a day, pretty regularly, we had airmail.

There was one occasion a few years later when we had a snowstorm, which is unusual for Las Vegas. It seems to me that it was this same pilot, Maury Graham, who took off from here and never reached Salt Lake. They found the plane and the body in the spring, months later, over in one of the Utah canyons.

On one occasion, Will Rogers was coming into town by air. He came in on a private plane and we were out to the airport to see him. They had a little shack with a telephone in it then, and the plane came in. Rogers was on his way back east someplace to speak at a Republican convention. When the pilot landed, the plane just turned right over. We were out there watching and it just flopped right over on its back. Of course, everybody was scared to death and they rushed out and opened the door and Rogers and the pilot climbed out and he said, "Well, it served me right. If I'd been going to a Democratic convention, this would never have happened." They got the plane back on its feet and after a few hours' delay, they got started again.

The first resort hotel to be constructed was the El Rancho, of which the owner was Thomas Hull. Of course, everybody was elated. The Chamber of Commerce and the boosters for Las Vegas for a long time had insisted that this was an ideal spot for a resort hotel. Since gambling was legalized in 1931, they thought that would be a drawing card.

Well, the El Rancho was really quite an affair. You could go there and get a wonderful dinner for \$1.50. When the people began coming from outside of town, they started having a little entertainment and it was huge success.

Then, a man by the name of D. W. Griffith from Texas decided to build on the site of the Last Frontier Hotel. His nephew, Bill Moore, who is still a prominent citizen, had charge of the construction. Everybody kind of moaned a little. They thought, now one hotel is doing well, but two is going to be too many.

Of course, the Last Frontier was a great success and the El Rancho continued to prosper and more people came, so everybody breathed a sigh of relief. Then, when Marion Hicks started to build the Thunderbird, the predictions were dire. He had already built the El Cortez Hotel, where it is now. (Incidentally, our home for years was on the northeast corner of that block, and we had a hundred feet there. We had our home, a small house, and a duplex.) So, then they built Thunderbird and that also was a success. Every hotel that that was started, everybody was frightened and afraid that the bubble would burst. Well, of course, today, there are ten or twelve out there and nobody thinks any more about it now when they built a new hotel.

Of course, some of them haven't been successful. Milton Prell owned a small building out where the Sahara is. He had a bingo game and served very good food and it was very popular with the local people. Everybody used to go to the Club Bingo for dinner and then play Bingo. So when he announced he was tearing it down and was going to build the Sahara Hotel, everybody thought it was a very foolish move. He had a good going business there. They liked the Club Bingo. I guess Milton was right, because he did very well with the Hotel Sahara which he sold to Del Webb several years ago, and

I imagine he'll do just as well with the new Aladdin.

Somehow or other, that Tally-ho, now the Aladdin, which is a beautiful hotel, never did seem to catch on. I don't know whether it was because they tried to start it off without gambling or what. I imagine that when Prell gets going, it will probably be successful, too.

3

FAMILY LIFE IN LAS VEGAS

For a number of years, Mother wrote weekly articles for the Las Vegas Sun. She had an extraordinary talent as a chronicler of events of the area. These articles make wonderfully interesting reading and I think they should be reprinted as a volume. I have used some of the material from her scrapbook and writings in compiling these chapters.

She was a charter member of the Mesquite Club and she was an untiring worker. She served two terms as president, also president of the Nevada Federation of Womens' Clubs for one term. She took an important part in the first civic enterprise sponsored by the club in 1912.

At that time, there were practically no trees in Clark's Las Vegas townsite, just a few scattered cottonwoods. The Mesquite Club had a "tag day" when they sold tags on the street and raised the money to buy some 2,000 trees. These were planted along both sides of every street, and in a comparatively few years provided shade from the desert sun. For the first year or two, most of the residents took care of the trees in front of their houses, but

there were a lot of vacant lots. So the club members carried pails of water and dragged hoses to water the trees, so that they would live until they got a good rooting. After that, they persuaded the City Commission to take over the problem of watering the trees.

Many of these old trees have been cut down in the last few years, and I think the loss of every tree causes a twinge in the hearts of all the old-timers who remember the chore it was to get them and keep them alive until they matured. We also remember the blessing they brought us.

I'll have to admit the "blessings" were not entirely without drawbacks. No one knew at the time of planting that the females of the species produced an abundance of cotton in the spring, which played havoc with hayfever sufferers.

The public library was another project started by the Mesquite Club. There were many projects sponsored by the club for the purpose of raising money for the library fund. When the board of City Commissioners, about 1916, finally took over the support

of the library, Mother was appointed to the library board, on which she served for many years.

As a charter member of Christ Church Episcopal, she was present at the laying of the cornerstone when the first church building was constructed at the corner of Second and Carson Streets, in 1908. In 1953 when the property was sold at the last meeting of the old church, the contents of the cornerstone were removed for placement in the cornerstone of the new building. There was a written history of the formation of the church and as the oldest living charter member present, Mother was asked to read it. The light was not too good and the Rector inquired solicitously, "Do you think you can read it, Mrs. Squires?" She replied, "I should be able to. I wrote it." When the cornerstone of the main church building was laid in 1962, I had the honor and pleasure of placing the same box of documents in the new cornerstone.

As well as being a wonderful hostess, Mother was a marvelous cook. She was an economical cook, but had the talent for making the simplest dishes taste delicious.

The early days in Las Vegas were not easy for women, the heat of summer, the cold of winter even in the semi-tropical clime. The streets were rutted trails with no sidewalks, and there was dust everywhere. No electric lights, no laundry, and of course, no telephones. For the first few months we sent our laundry to Los Angeles every week, but when we began getting back other folks' sheets and towels and wearing apparel, that practice was discontinued.

Mother hired a squaw from the nearby Indian camp to do the washing. Our house had stationary tubs on the back porch which was really modern for those days. The Indian arrived Monday morning to do the washing and was accompanied by three or four

children of pre-school age. She promptly propped open the door to the back porch, and the youngsters and flies had a merry time running in and out.

After this first day Mother bought a boiler and two galvanized iron wash tubs. She put the tubs on a bench in the backyard near a faucet and set the boiler on a couple of bricks. Here the clothes were scrubbed, then boiled, then scrubbed again, rinsed and then hung on the line. There were no detergents, bleaches or boosters in those days, but those clothes came out as white as the driven snow. The process took all day long. The Indian was paid a dollar, plus lunch for herself and brood and whatever the housewife would donate in the way of bread, leftovers, etc.

The ironing was a real chore. We used old-fashioned flat irons heated on the coal stove in the kitchen. The ironing board, something we had padded with an old blanket and covered with an old sheet, was placed on the tops of the backs of two chairs. The dresses, petticoats, corset covers, and panties were all starched. The petticoats had ruffles and flounces, usually of embroidery. The flounces often had a strip of beading run around the top through which ribbon was run. There was a certain social status accruing to the girl or woman who could boast the wearing of the most petticoats. Incidentally, these reached to our ankles. In the summer, the hot, dry air dried the clothes out pretty fast, no matter how carefully they had been dampened. You had to keep the fire up in the kitchen stove and keep changing irons.

The heat in those early years was pretty terrific. If you sat a wooden chair for any length of time, your clothes were apt to stick to the chair. Soon after we arrived, my mother got some clippings of a climbing vine from Mrs. Helen J. Stewart. We always called it Stewart vine. She planted these cuttings along

the fence on the west side of the house. She had chicken wire stretched from the fence to the overhanging eaves. The clippings grew rapidly and within a couple of years, we had a thick shade which protected the entire bedroom wing. We learned very soon to get up at the first crack of dawn, close all the windows and draw the shades. Since our house was built of hollow cement blocks and had a high steep roof, the house remained fairly comfortable until about three in the afternoon. From then until sundown, we just suffered. When the sun set, we hurried to open all the doors and windows, but it was usually midnight before the house cooled off to allow sleep.

The first few weeks, about the time we would get the doors and windows open, a dust storm would come up so thick you couldn't see across the street. We would rush to close the doors and windows again. The storm would last about fifteen minutes and pass as suddenly as it had come. Everything in the house would be covered with dust.

Making a bed in the summertime was a simple matter. When we retired, we would carefully fold the spread and top sheet back over the foot of the bed. We rarely had to pull up even the sheet during the night.

We ate our dinners as a rule in the central patio, the top and end of which had been screened. Since the open end was to the south, we enjoyed whatever breeze there was. Our evenings were spent playing cards on the patio, or sitting on our front porch visiting. We often had what we called community dinners, every family bringing one dish. We always ate out of doors and always had a lot of fun. I think we disproved the theory that iced drinks were injurious, because our early day Las Vegas pioneers consumed gallons of iced tea daily. Nobody was without a pitcher of iced tea on hand.

I remember when the folks got their first radio, when radio had become popular. They bought an Atwater Kent. We all enjoyed it so much, we just listened to that constantly. Of course, we never missed the ten o'clock news. It was even before Kaltenborn, from Los Angeles anyway.

One Christmas we were all at home. My family were great on celebrating birthdays and Christmas. Mother had always wanted a chime clock. (This was in the late '20's; it was after C. C. and I were married.) This Christmas we bought her a Seth Thomas clock. My father bought me one, too, as a Christmas present. We wanted to surprise Mother with this clock. So Christmas Eve when she was busy, we took the clock home and put it on the top of the little china cupboard that ran along one side. We all sat down to eat Christmas Eve supper, and the clock would chime. We kept waiting for her to notice it. It chimed several times and she didn't notice it at all. All of a sudden when it struck the hour she said, "Well what's that?" We all just went into stitches because she had been sitting there an hour and a half, and never noticed the chime. She was so delighted.

Everybody of any importance who came to the town, Mother entertained. People just naturally brought them to our house for dinner. She always had the Christmas dinner for the neighborhood, too.

There would be eighteen or twenty for Christmas dinner. There were always the Brackens from across the street, and Ruth and Billy Ferron, and Nick and Hazel Williams from next door and quite a good group—I seem to have forgotten some of them. Then, I would have the children of all the families and feed them earlier at my house. We had quite a flock of youngsters, and I would get dinner for them. Then, we would leave someone with them, have our dinner at Mother's. We always had Thanksgiving at Hazel Williams'. They

lived next door to Mother. They came here in about 1910, and Hazel Williams has been my closest friend ever since that time. Hazel's husband, Nick, was first a telegrapher on the Salt Lake line when it was just being built. He became a conductor, and in the '20's he was appointed stationmaster for Las Vegas. He was one of the wittiest and most enjoyable people I have ever known.

We had amusing experience sometime in the 1920's. A bunch of us were going on a picnic. There were two or three cars, and we had to cross the tracks at Arden. We were going someplace out in that area for a picnic. When we got to the crossing, here was a freight train drawn right across the crossing. It seems there was a railroad rule that they should not block highways; they should stop their trains off the highway. Nick got out of the car and ran over and climbed up in the engine. I guess there were a surprised engineer and fireman when they saw the stationmaster appear out of no place. They moved that train off the crossing in nothing flat.

Another funny incident was with Nick, when he was a conductor. They were on their way from Caliente. There was a young girl on the sleeper, and she went to Nick and said the Negro porter had tried to attack her in her berth. Nick was from the South, so he stopped the train and he put the Negro porter off out here at Apex someplace and came on into town. Nobody ever knew how the poor devil ever got back to town. Nick was so indignant that he stopped the train and of f got the porter. Nick died about 1932; he was always so much fun.

Nick and Hazel had two children, Carol and Richard Lee, always referred to as "Bud." Carol married C. W. Pierce, who was a cousin of Dr. Martin. Their two daughters were Carolita and Charlotte, nicknamed "Cherie." Carolita married Gene McCarlie and they

have one daughter Gina, aged two so Hazel has a great grand child. Richard lost his wife a little over a year ago, and has one son Nicholas now on duty with the U. S. Air Force. I neglected to mention that Nick Sr. died in Los Angeles about 1932.

I think I mentioned before that Mother suffered terribly with hay fever and asthma, in the spring and summertime. For a number of years she used to go to Indian Springs and stay with Mrs. MacFarland for a month or six weeks. Then finally E. W. Griffith opened up what we called Charleston Park in Kyle canyon. He put up some tents and a main dining room and would lease them to anyone who wanted to build a cabin.

So for a number of years in the very beginning, we would rent a tent up there; they were pretty flimsy. One family, the C. P. Balls, built a nice cabin which was the envy of everybody. Quite a group of our friends would be up there during the summer, and we had a lot of fun. We had this one big room with a fireplace in it. Mr. Griffith had a cook, a Mrs. Cora Bray, who had been there for quite a long time, and who would serve meals. In the afternoon, all the women would take their children and their sewing and go up to the main dining room and sit around. If it was cold, there would be a fire in the fireplace. The roof leaked like a sieve, so when we would have these afternoon showers, which we often did, there would be a great scraping of chairs, everyone trying to move to a place where the roof didn't leak. We had good times and good meals up there. Inevitably, we had to go home and dry out the things in our tents that got wet from the leaking, but it was all very enjoyable.

Later, the Von Tobels built a cabin. There were two or three other cabins built, too, so for a few years we were about to rent a cabin up there. That made it much easier living.

Then finally, my mother and father got lots over in Lee Canyon and built a very comfortable summer house with a couple of guest rooms. In fact, we could sleep about eight extra people if we needed to.

During those years—that was in the early '30's—Mother would move up early in the season and we would take supplies up. Every Saturday morning, I would go out and shop for a week's supply of groceries and other things. Then in the late afternoon, C. C. and my father and I would drive up to the camp. Usually there were from four to six people who would come on up. Mother always had baked beans ready for us, and hot gingerbread and coffee and hot biscuits. We would eat and then we would play cards, either can or poker, most of the night.

Sometimes Sunday visitors would drive up, and often by Sunday night the larder was about bare. So many of them didn't think to bring anything with them. Those years she enjoyed very much.

Mrs. Baskin, Bob Baskin's wife, now has the cabin and has told me how much she enjoyed it. At the time we had an Edison phonograph. Mrs. Baskin told me not long ago that she still plays those records on that old phonograph. It was a cabinet and had a very nice sound. We had quite a big collection of records and used to play them a lot. She still plays them when she goes up there, still enjoys them. It has been thirty years since then.

You remember Aimee Semple McPherson; this is a story about her mother. Hudson had been around here for a while; the folks here didn't know his name, but he used to come into the newspaper office every few days to get exchanges from other parts of the country. One day, Frank Ryan, who was Justice of the Peace then, invited my parents to be witnesses at a wedding they were going to have out on the rim of the canyon. It was just when they

were starting construction of the Dam. They drove out—I think Mr. and Mrs. Art Ham went along and Celia Cragin, Ernie Cragin's wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Ryan.

They stopped and picked up the bride; she was at the Ryan house, but Mother didn't get her name when she was introduced. Mother said she looked so much older than the groom, she looked old enough to be his mother or his grandmother. When they got out to the Dam and had the service—Judge Ryan performed the marriage service—they found out then that it was Ma Kennedy, Aimee Semple McPherson's mother. They came back to town just a little bit chagrined that they had been shenaniganed into attending this thing.

When the couple got back to Los Angeles, there were two women waiting for Whataman Hudson; one said she was still married to him and the other claimed he had done her wrong. Ma Kennedy hurriedly had the marriage here annulled, and then Whataman came up and got a divorce from his wife, and after that they were remarried.

About 1943, Pop sold the newspaper to the Review-Journal. Then he sold the house on Fremont Street in 194\$, and bought a house at 408 South Seventh Street and moved down there, where they lived until Pop's death in '58. While they hated to leave the old house, they loved this little house they bought. They had a lovely yard and nice neighbors. They took several trips that they enjoyed. When Marilyn Wengert, Cyril Wengert's oldest daughter, and Robert Gatewood—he was the son of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Gatewood—were married, they went back to Annapolis with the Gatewoods to attend Bob's graduation and the wedding. The Wengerts had rented a house back at Annapolis and the Gatewoods and the Wengerts and Mother and Pop and the wedding attendants stayed there. They had the wedding in the chapel at Annapolis.

I believe it was the day after graduation or that afternoon.

Then they took a trip down to Washington, D. C., and down to New Orleans and home. Mother was seventy-eight and Pop was eighty years old when they went on this trip. Bess and Bob Gatewood always said they were the best travelers they ever knew.

When they were in New Orleans, Mother got caught in a revolving door some way and had two ribs broken. She never mentioned it until she got home. She went around in misery, she was so afraid if they found that she'd broken those ribs that they'd put her in a hospital and leave her, that she spent the rest of the time in agony. When she got home, she went to a doctor and he said she had two ribs cracked. Well he taped her up and she was o.k. I never could get over that, continuing because she wasn't going to have them know.

They had a very pleasant time those last ten or twelve years. A lot of people used to go out to the hotels then—they were much less expensive and more of a novelty. They were always being invited out to different hotels to dinner. At all of the big occasions, like charity functions, they were always honored guests. So they had a really very nice time for those years.

When they were preparing for the PTA anniversary of the C. P. Squires School, a few months ago they called me and asked if I would attend this anniversary. They wanted to know if I had a picture of my parents they could copy; they wanted it for their library. I have this picture of the two of them that I keep on the bedroom wall. I took it down to Alum's—they were the ones who took the picture in the first place—and they enlarged it and put a beautiful frame on it. I was real happy with it. I took it and presented it to the PTA. They were so happy with it, so glad to get it.

I was rather touched by one of the last things Mother wrote in a little article.

My husband and I have often been asked why we came to Nevada to make our home. I hesitate to admit that the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow was the only reason, because if this were so our quest has ended in failure. I prefer to think that the pot of gold we were seeking contains something finer and more precious, and that we have it in the beauty, peace, and contentment of our desert home and in the companionship of the many friends we have made, and the happiness they have brought us. Surely such a reward is worth the fifty years of striving. As we look back upon them, we feel that they were pleasant years, although the bitter and the sweet were mingled together in them. We feel that we can truly say with the psalmist, our lives have fallen in pleasant places and we have a goodly heritage.

I found a poem in her scrapbook that I thought was rather like Mother: "Dear Lord, not for years of wealth and ease I pray, not yet for fame nor laurels for my brow, but this that through all care and pain, I may be glad. To smile, dear Lord, when tears would better flow, to fly a flag of courage free and high, to meet with upflung head, each bitter blow I pray." (It doesn't give the author's name.)

I think one of the things that contributed to the fact that my parents completed almost sixty-nine years of married life was their ability to talk to each other. Life was certainly no bed of roses, they were beset by troubles, financial and otherwise. My mother had an explosive temper inherited from her red-

haired father. It was quick and shortlived but my father adored her and she really loved him. The line of communication between them was always open. They could sit and talk for hours about anything, which so many married people can't.

I'll never forget her illness in 1954. From August until the following April, she was seriously ill and in the hospital most of the fall months. She was eighty-six years old, beset by a variety of physical ailments and her mind wandered most of the time. No one thought she would survive. My father was inconsolable. "I never thought I would have to go on living without her," he said.

Shortly before Christmas her mind cleared and she begged to go home. The doctor said, "We'll send her home the day before Christmas, but you'll probably have to bring her back the day after." So, an ambulance brought her home on the day before Christmas, and her joy at being home and my father's delight at having her there was something I remember with tears. Strange as it may be, she started to improve immediately, and by the first of April she was up again and back to normal health.

It is difficult for me to assess the character of my father. I realize that he was unsuccessful as a businessman, but I knew him for the ideas that he conceived for the good of the community, for his gentleness and compassion, for his love of people in general, and his loyalty to his friends.

During the Depression, when I was working in the office, there were several old prospectors from the Eldorado Canyon, who'd come in every few weeks and say, "Charlie, can you let me have a little money to eat on?" And Pop would give them a five-dollar bill. Finally, I said to him, "Pop, you can't afford to do that." I've never forgotten his reply. He said, "Sister, I can't afford not to. I know I'm going to have

a good dinner and a comfortable bed, and I'd never be able to close my eyes if I thought those poor devils didn't have something to eat or a place to lay their heads." It was my private opinion that they probably headed straight for the nearest saloon, but my father permitted no such uncharitable thoughts to cross his mind.

4

MY CAREERS

After graduation in 1908, I came home to Las Vegas. They had advertised that teachers' examinations were being given. I decided I would take a teacher's examination, and put in my application. The day before we were to have the examinations, a girl arrived at the front door, a very pretty attractive looking girl, by the name of Elizabeth Perkins. Her father was editor and publisher of the Searchlight Bulletin. She had come to take the examination. She had gone to college a year or so in Indiana and had decided to take these examination. We both took the examination and we both passed. She went back to teach in Searchlight and at the last moment the school board here decided they needed another teacher so they offered me the job at \$40 per month.

I had the third, fourth, and fifth grades. Among those students was Ruth Schuyler, now Mrs. Al Cahlan; Pearl Laravey, who later married Lloyd Payne, the county clerk; Nellie McWilliams; Quay Higbie, now married to James Powers; Glenda Mott; Robert Griffith; Hazel Bray; and Daniella and Antone

Matteucci. Antone's grandson is a prominent attorney here now.

Others of my first pupils included Daisy French, John and David Kramer. Charlie French and his family lived on South Third Street, between Fremont and Carson. He was a teamster, and had horses which he rented for early day construction jobs. There were tour children, a son Bert, and three daughters, Daisy, Jewell and Betty. The son Bert died during the influenza epidemic of 1918, shortly before the birth of Betty. The combination of the tragedy of losing an only son, and subsequent childbirth caused Mrs. French to suffer a mental breakdown, and she was confined in a hospital in California until her death six or seven years ago. Meantime the property on Third Street, next to the former site of the First National Bank, had become very valuable, and since probate of the estate, Betty and Jewell have operated a parking lot on the site of the old home.

Daisy married David Kramer and their only son, Jack Kramer, became the tennis champion. There were two Kramer families.

The Kramer brothers, John and Adam were both barbers. The John Kramer family lived in the next block from us, about where the Boggs building now stands. John Kramer left his family, which consisted of a daughter, Martha, and three sons, John, David, and Sherman. Martha was, and I presume still is, a talented musician and helped support the family as pianist for the local orchestra. John never married, and I'm not sure about Sherman. Mrs. Kramer died quite a few years ago, and the children all live in California.

Adam Kramer and his wife Laura had one son, Clifford and four daughters. Edna married Si Wadsworth, and died sometime ago; Frances is married to Wheeler Doll, and lives in Glendale; Jane is married to Virgil S. Haugfe and they live in Palo Alto. Laura makes her home in Honolulu with Doris and her husband Colonel Reid Lumsden, U. S. Army retired. She was one of the charter members of Pat McCarran Auxiliary No. 5, United Spanish American War Veterans and still retains a lively interest in the organization. The son Clifford and his wife lived in Henderson for many years, but I understand they have moved to Utah.

Frances Farnsworth, Martha Hunsaker and Leonard Fayle were most helpful in refreshing my memory, especially on first names. Martha came to Las Vegas in 1918 with her parents, W. H. and Ella Morrison and her brother, R. Giles, whose nickname was Jazzbo, probably due to his interest in the then modern music. He died sixteen years ago leaving his widow Selma and a daughter Lynell, who is now married with a daughter of her own. Martha acted as cashier for Cragin and Pike for many years. She married Walter Hunsaker some twenty-seven years ago, after a romance that was delayed for some years due to Martha's illness. At the time he was secretary to Leigh Hunt and today has

extensive business interests. After the death of her husband Mrs. Morrison made her home with Walter and Martha and died six or seven years ago after many years of invalidism. She and Martha were both charter members of the United Spanish War Veteran's Auxiliary.

During the winter of 1908 and 1909, Bess Perkins wrote and invited Marie Thomas and myself to come over to a big dance they were going to have in Searchlight. Searchlight was still fairly busy in those days. We took the train on Friday evening. The Ben Miller's stage met us at Nipton and took us to Searchlight where we stayed with Bess. She had gotten escorts for both of us for the dance, and my escort was Frank Doherty. We had a wonderful time.

We were supposed to come back Sunday evening, meeting the train about five o'clock. When it was time for the stage to leave, Ben Miller's stage had broken down, and they worked and worked on it. Finally they got it started and we got as far as Crescent, about half way between Searchlight and Nipton when it began to snow.

It was too late to catch the train anyway so we had to stay over in this little tent hotel in Crescent. It was cold, and they had just little cubicles curtained off with canvas. I have forgotten the names of the folks who ran it. The next morning we caught the train, I was worried to death because I was late getting back—I didn't get in until about eleven o'clock—to school. I was perfectly certain I was going to be fired but I wasn't. Then it was some time after that, that Frank Doherty moved to Las Vegas and became County Recorder.

After that first year I taught school in 1909 and 1910, from 1910 through 1912, I went to Mills College for a year. This dear friend of mine, Alice Nickerson from Redlands had already been there a year. We went up on the old Santa Rosa from Santa Monica. It left in

the afternoon and then got into San Francisco the next morning. Alice and I spent most of the time standing out in the front of the boat, it was a cloudy day. When we got to Mills the day, our faces were just burned 'til they looked like beets. The school nurse said mine wasn't so bad but that Alice almost had erysipelas from it. We thought that not being any sun we wouldn't burn but apparently we could burn just as well from the clouds and the water and the wind as you can from sun. It was a foolish thing to do, but neither of us thought that it would matter.

Mills was a delightful place in those days. Mrs. Syrups Mills (she and her husband were the founders) was still alive at that time. A very delightful old lady. Every morning they had prayers right after breakfast. You weren't allowed to miss. They had this little chapel where everybody went. One old professor always read the service. We had about three dances a year when you could invite the boys from Stanford or Berkeley. We always made out our date's program before they got there. They had the dances in Lisser Hall which was the big hall at that time. I understand they have a beautiful new one now. We were not supposed to walk outside the hall at all.

On this one occasion it was a beautiful evening. Some of us went outside for a walk and the Dean heard about it—her name was Harriet Ege; she was a magnificent old gal. They just made the announcement that everyone who had left the hall was supposed to go talk to Mrs. Ege. We went one by one, and did we get a going over for doing anything like that

At Thanksgiving time, a good many of the girls who lived around the bay were able to go home, but Alice and I weren't; it was too far a trip for a three day recess. One of the girls in the class, Ida Hale, who lived at Martinez, had invited us down there for Thanksgiving.

The train was supposed to leave about ten o'clock so we went down to the Oakland Mall and were waiting for the train when we were paged: the girls from Mills would please report. So we went to the ticket counter and they said to stay where we were; the school nurse was coming after us. It seems that Ida Hale's brother had contracted the mumps or the measles, one of the childhood ailments, and we couldn't go. So we had to go back to school. We were quite indignant because we had to wait for the school nurse to come down and take us home.

On Sunday they relented a little. There were about four or five of us who were allowed into Oakland to church. You were never allowed to go into town by yourself; you had to have a chaperone or if you were an upperclassman, two could go together. We went, and I think they had the idea we would all go to one church. We had other ideas. A couple of us went to the Episcopal church in Oakland, and a couple went to the Catholic, and one at least went to the big Congregational church. We said we would meet at Lenhard's after church. It was the popular gathering place of all the college students. Everybody always went to Lenhard's for coffee and

We were supposed to get home on the twelve o'clock car. This car ran once an hour out to the little station that they called Beulah, up in the hills where Mills was. We didn't manage to get together in time to get the twelve o'clock car, so we had our coffee and doughnuts and caught the one o'clock car. When we got off the car at the station, there were two or three of the head teachers and Mr. Hale, who was Ida's father. She couldn't go home on account of her brother's sickness. You would have thought we had done something terrible. They wanted to know where we had been. We said we weren't able to catch the twelve o'clock car. Well, what had we

been doing in the meantime? Well, we went to Lenhard's and had coffee and doughnuts. The idea of Mills girls being seen in Lenhard's on Sunday was just not heard of. It was quite a time before we managed to get ourselves squared around for this terrible crime of being seen in Lenhard's on Sunday.

After the year at Mills, I couldn't afford to go back the next year so I taught for two more years. By that time they had built a new schoolhouse. The year that I taught first, the little two-room schoolhouse burned down and for the rest of that year and the following year, the children went to school in part of the Methodist Church and part of an old rooming house that was down on Third Street, because they were building a new school—the one they have just torn down over on Fifth Street, where the new Federal Building is being built.

A Mr. A. N. Jurden was the contractor. E. W. Griffith, Robert Griffith's father, was the inspector for the School Board. Mr. Griffith and Mr. Jurden didn't get along very well. Mr. Jurden got the school finished, and Mr. Griffith wouldn't approve it until he had made some changes that he had suggested. Finally, he made the changes and Mr. Griffith approved the school. It had been standing vacant for months after it was completed. They were going to open the school. At that time, Mr. Jurden announced that the school was unsafe for use and that he wouldn't allow his daughter to attend it. He would send her to California to school.

They opened the school, nevertheless. One half of it was occupied by the elementary school; that was the north half. The south half was occupied by the high school. We had not had any high school before that. Some of the parents had hired a teacher to tutor some of their children, but that was the start of the real high school.

I taught for two years after that before I was married. I liked teaching very much, although I was a little disillusioned. I started in with so much enthusiasm and so many high ideals that didn't quite pan out.

Daniella and Antone Matteucci's parents were Italian. They had a little farm outside of town. They were real nice people. Daniella was such a pretty girl. Antone, the younger boy in the family, had been getting a little out of hand and had taken to smoking. I had a lot of talks with Antone, and tried to persuade him that he shouldn't smoke. It happened that Antone liked me and he stopped smoking. There were two other children, Victor and Theresa.

One day, Mother went to the door to answer a knock and here was Mrs. Matteucci with a great big dish pan of fresh string beans. She said, "I bring these, Mrs. Squires." Mother said, "Oh, Mrs. Matteucci, you worked so hard; you shouldn't be bringing me those beans. You should be using after it was completed. They were going to open the school. At that time, Mr. Jurden announced that the school was unsafe for use and that he wouldn't allow his daughter to attend it. He would send her to California to school.

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Ruth Schuyler was in my class. Her mother and father were Peggy and Bill Schuyler who were some of the early residents of the town. I'll always remember Peggy Schuyler for her laugh. She had the most infectious laugh of anybody I ever knew. She didn't always have an easy life, but she could always find something to laugh about. She was a darling person. The Schuylers had two children: Ruth and Donald. Ruth was the oldest. She married Al Cahlan in about 1922. Donald married Freda Humphrey, a school teacher from Reno, and lives in Washington. They had two children, I believe.

The Cahlan-Schuyler wedding was the one of first real formal wedding we had ever had in Las Vegas. They were married at the Episcopal Church. Nellie Martin played the wedding march, and I sang, and Barbara Ferron and Virginia Beckley were the flower girls. Allison Might was the bridesmaid, I think. Al had taught in high school here for one year after he graduated from the

University. That is when this romance started. He left and gone to Elko, and worked for the Free Press—the newspaper there. He came back in the fall of 1922, and he and Ruth were married. About three or four years later, they moved back.

Mrs. Schuyler had a sister, Mrs. Heaton, Caroline was her name, but everyone called her Carrie. Her husband, J. M. Heaton worked for the telegraph company. They were one of the first ones to take up a ranch in what was Paradise Valley. Later they started the first radio station in Las Vegas. They started it a little too soon, it was not a financial success. Mrs. Heaton worked so hard at it. After her husband's death, she took a real estate broker's examination and got her license and worked selling real estate, even after she began losing her eyesight.

Carrie Heaton was a valiant sort of a person, worked so hard. About four or five years ago, she fell in her yard and broke her hip and was in El-Jen Rest home after that. She could hardly see and her hearing was bad. It is just pathetic that she had to end up this way. She was in the same home that Mrs. Marion Cahlan was. Mrs. Heaton died in the spring of 1966. Mrs. Cahlan's other son John moved here and he is married to Florence Lee Jones. Her father and mother are Mr. and Mrs. Burley Jones. Her brothers are Cliff and Herbert Jones, both attorneys here.

Speaking of the Schuyler-Cahlan wedding reminds me of a couple of other early day weddings. One was held at the Frank Wengert home on South First Street, when Mildred, the oldest daughter was married to William E. Marshall. It was a lovely home wedding with close friends in attendance. I remember I sang at that wedding, too.

The other was the wedding reception of Frank Clark and Minnie Marty of Tonopah.

As I remember, it too was held at the Wengert home. After the reception, the bride and groom were placed in a wagon drawn by a team of burros. There were tin cans tied all over the wagon and the clatter of the cans added to the shouting of the guests frightened the burros, which ran away turning over the wagon. Fortunately there were no injuries, but the incident had a very sobering effect on the wedding party.

Frank died a few years later, and subsequently Minnie married Earl F. Davison then manager of the Armour Ice Plant. Earl retired some time ago, and he and Minnie have continued to live in their home on South Fifth Place. He suffered a severe stroke in September, 1966, and has been hospitalized since, although he is beginning to show some improvement.

Frank Doherty, my escort at Searchlight, and I were married in 1912. He was about seventeen years older than I, but one of the most interesting men I've ever known. I never knew a man who had so many out-and-out friends; miners and everybody liked him.

We were married at four o'clock in the morning on my parents' front porch. The train for Los Angeles left about six o'clock and we wanted to catch the train. We had all our friends there at four o'clock in the morning. We had three children: Alice, born in 1913; John, born in 1914; and Charles Squires, born in October, 1916.

In 1916, Frank decided not to run again for county recorder because he had become interested in Goodsprings. Everything was booming over there, and Sam Yount and George Fayle and some of them persuaded him to start a newspaper over there. He moved over in the summer and I moved over in September of 1916.

It was just before the younger son was born, and I was supposed to come back to

Las Vegas to the hospital. Charles arrived unexpectedly on the eighteenth of October, so I never made it back. We did manage to get a practical nurse to help out. In the morning I had started having some little cramps but I had had two children; I didn't think they were labor pains. Every once in a while I would go and lie down a few minutes; I was getting ready to take the train that evening over to Las Vegas.

Bess Perkins had married a man by the name of John Fredrickson. They lived next door to us. She came over once and saw this performance and said, "I think you better call the doctor." I said, "I don't need any doctor." There was one doctor; Dr. Martin had a man stationed there then. I said, "I don't need a doctor; I'm going to Las Vegas to the hospital this evening." Charles wasn't due for nearly two weeks. I was very disagreeable about the whole deal.

Finally she went down town and saw Frank and said, I think you should call a doctor. The doctor arrived about five o'clock and I was so indignant I would hardly speak to him. I was going about seven o'clock down to Jean to take the train. So after the examination he said, "You're not going any place, young lady; you're going to have a baby in a couple of hours."

All the neighbors and friends gathered out around the front gate waiting to hear the news. It might as well have been Grand Central Station. I had no more idea that the child was coming that day than anything in the world.

I had a breast infection for a couple of months after this and had kind of a miserable time. After Christmas when I got a little better, I took the children, came over to see my mother and father for a week or two. While I was here, the children got the measles, all three of them. We nursed them through the

measles through the middle of February. We were going to come home on Sunday, the eighteenth of February. Frank was going to drive over and get us.

We were all packed, and we were about to have breakfast when Dr. Martin came over and told Pop he wanted to see him outside. When poor Pop came back in a few minutes, he had to tell us that Frank had died the night before. There was no telephone, but someone had gone to Jean from Goodsprings and they had telegraphed the telegraph operator here and he had phoned Dr. Martin.

We had the funeral over here at Las Vegas, and then I took the children and went back to Goodsprings. He had the newspaper there and I had to think of something to do. I did pretty well during the funeral and the time between, but when I walked in the bedroom and the closet door was open and there were all Frank's clothes, I burst out crying, which was a good thing because I hadn't been able to let loose as I should have before. Then I moved from that house to another little house, nearer to town.

I published the newspaper for another year or so. Pop used to come over one afternoon and evening a week on the train, and I would meet him at Jean. We would go the next day out around the different mines and so forth and make write-ups; it was principally a mining newspaper anyway. It was a little local weekly.

Pop would take the copy back to Las Vegas and set it up and print it, and then send it over to me. I had about 350 or 400 subscribers.

Frank died in 1917. In 1918, when the war was over and the price of lead and zinc went down, the paper wasn't such a valuable means of making a living, so I was appointed postmaster and also did the newspaper work.

I remember that there was a great big cyanide tank up at the Yellowpine mill, which

was not far from our house. Charles, or Bud as we called him, was just toddling around then. I was scared to death about it. About that time, Alice and John were allowed to go to the first grade, although they were a little young for the whole thing. That was about 1918. Charles would keep running off and I was worried about him, so I took Mother's old tactic and put a rope around his waist and tied him outside the post office.

He had become a great favorite with the miners from up the hill at the Yellowpine, and I was waited on by a number of these miners who protested my tying the child up. I didn't let it make any difference. I felt it was better to tie him up than have him fall in that cyanide tank. They finally understood the situation.

The years 1919 and 1920, I taught school. I was the only teacher in the school at that time. Then I got the idea of running for county clerk because Harley Harmon had announced that he would run for district attorney. In the summer of 1920, I moved the family back to Las Vegas and into our house at Seventh and Ogden Street which I had rented. I got a bookkeeping job at Conklin's Garage on Fremont Street. I could get a little income during the interim.

I went campaigning over in the valley. I visited Jean Fayle, and she went campaigning with me. She had been up in this part of the country when George was campaigning for county commissioner. We took the train one morning up to Moapa, and then waited several hours and took a branch line down to St. Thomas. We stayed at the Syphus Hotel which was run by Levi Syphus, one of the early settlers and a state senator for many years.

The next morning Mr. Elmer Bowman's stage was to leave for Bunkerville. He had an old Model T Ford, and driving it was Alf Hardy who has become one of the leading

citizens of Mesquite at this time. We started out as his passengers.

That road at that time was terrible, full of hairpin curves. We had heard that it was quite a frightening route. The brakes gave out, and we just went skimming around that thing with the brakes red-hot. We finally arrived in Bunkerville safe and sound, but Mr. Bowman was so mad at what he called this young upstart who was always burning out the brakes.

The Bowmans had a real comfortable house in Bunkerville. We got a room there. Young Alf came and got another car and said he would take us over to Mesquite to meet some of the people over there. During the afternoon he took us over to Mesquite.

In those days, Mesquite and Bunkerville had been isolated for a great many years. They were a hundred miles from the railroad. Their nearest town was St. George in Utah, which was also a long way from the railroad. We visited all these people, some of them living rather primitively.

When we were making the trip over, young Alf told us about this stage driver who had been killed only a few weeks before driving the stage on that route; his name was Guerrero. Alf took us to see Mrs. Henry Guerrero, who had a family of about six children and another one on the way. She served snacks to anyone who wanted them, in this little two-room house in which they all lived.

When we went to visit Mrs. Guerrero, she said, "Well, couldn't I make you a cup of tea?" Jean said, "No, I don't think we'd care for any." I thought that was not very appreciative and I said, "Well, Jean, I think it would be nice to have a cup of tea." She just looked at me. Mrs. Guerrero boiled the tea on top of the stove. Of course, the Mormons didn't drink tea or

coffee, so it was so strong it was just like lye. Then she set out some bread and jam, and the flies were so thick that you couldn't touch it. We had to force ourselves to eat some of it because we didn't want to hurt her feelings. When we left Jean said, "Maybe after this, when I say we don't care for anything to eat you'll know we don't want anything to eat!" Alf's sister had a house in Mesquite and they were away, so he told us we could stay there overnight, which we did. We visited some of the people. They really had so little because they depended for most of everything on what they raised in the valley. We went to one house where they were getting supper—a big kettle of milk and they stirred in flour which made little lumps; they called it "bumpity." There were a few gardens, but they weren't doing much with the gardening at the time. Now, Mesquite is just as modern as you would find anyplace; there is a lot of difference. In those days they were still very isolated.

We came back to Bunkerville and visited a number of families there. Then we made the stage trip back with Alf to St. Thomas. On the way home from St. Thomas, we went by car from St. Thomas to Overton, and visited quite a few people in Overton and Logandale. Then we took the train home.

It was quite an exciting trip. I introduced myself to different people by just meeting them. I told them I was running for county clerk, who I was, and so forth. I won the election. Then two years later, I had to run again, and was reelected, but by that time, they had changed the term to four years.

I went into the county clerk's office in January, 1921, and was there until January, 1927. At that time Bill Stewart was chairman of the county commissioners, and Henry Rice from Logandale and James Cashman from Searchlight were the county commissioners.

Harley Harmon had just been elected district attorney and Judge William E. Orr was just beginning his first term as district judge.

I enjoyed the whole association with all of them. We had a lot of pleasure in meeting people, and a lot of good friendship in those days. Bill Stewart especially, and the county commissioners in general, used the county money as if it were their own.

They were as careful as they could be. If they could get by without spending money, they did. If they had to spend it, they got every dollar's worth out of it they could. They were good business managers and at the same time, they were good boosters because they wanted to see the place grow. They knew we had just so much money, and we had to get along on just so much money. There wasn't a time when you could make emergency loans and operate on a deficit and so forth. It was a pretty good idea at the time, and might not be so bad now if they ever got back to it.

I remember once we got a letter from some very irate constituents who wanted the board to do something. I showed the letter to Mr. Stewart, I said, "Well, how shall I reply to this?" He said, "Well, give them an evasive answer." I said, "What do you mean by an evasive answer?" He said, "Tell them to go to hell."

I was clerk of the court and I enjoyed working with Harley Harmon and Judge Orr and the other attorneys there. One thing that first upset me was how mad the attorneys would get at each other in court, the names they would call each other, and the way they would talk. I would think, "This is going to be terrible; now they will never be speaking again." Then I would look out the window, and they would be going down the walk with their arms around each other. I soon learned that it wasn't serious.

Judge Orr was a very wonderful man. He was one of the few men that I have known that I thought was absolutely incorruptible. I don't think there was anything that could have persuaded Judge Orr to do what he thought wasn't right. He was very dignified, thought I remember one occasion when he almost lost his composure.

Harley Harmon had a client asking for divorce. He was a Jew, a young man who hadn't been in this country very long, and he spoke in very broken English. It was not only hard to understand, but he made all sorts of gestures during his testimony. Harley couldn't get him shut up. It was really very funny. I was just on the verge of bursting out laughing when I looked at Judge Orr. He had his handkerchief over his face and was red all around the edges. Finally he burst out, "Court in recess." He dashed for his chambers and I heard him just explode in there. The situation wasn't funny, but the way the man talked and his gestures were some of the funniest things I've ever seen. It would have been a wonderful night club act. Judge Orr had a real sense of humor and we used to have lots of conversations in that office.

Judge Orr was later a member of the State Supreme Court, and then was appointed to the U. S. Court of Appeals, with headquarters in San Francisco, where he served for many years, until his death a year or so ago. He and his wife Editha Farnsworth Orr, always called Las Vegas home and returned regularly every year for a visit. There were two sons, Farnsworth and William who reside in California.

When Judge Orr was appointed a federal judge, Judge Charles L. Horsey was appointed to the state Supreme Court. The Orrs and the Horseys originally came here from Pioche where both men had practiced law. In 1920,

both ran for election for District Judge, and Judge Orr won the election. Charles and Margaret Horsey were neighbors in Las Vegas, and when they moved to Carson they lived close to us. Judge Horsey died some years ago and his wife Margaret is in a convalescent home in Las Vegas. There were three sons and one daughter. One of the boys died. Charles Horsey now lives in Reno and the youngest son Francis is an attorney in Las Vegas. The daughter, Virginia is married and resides in the San Francisco area.

Harley's wife died. He was married first to Leona McGovern. They had two Sons. I think she had died before Harley became district attorney. He began courting Veronica Wengert, who was a very beautiful girl. I was his confidant during all the courtship. He used to spend long hours talking about how the boys needed a home (they were living with their grandmother).

Mrs. McGovern, who had the boys in her care, was very jealous. She didn't want Harley to marry again, and for a long time she wouldn't have anything to do with Veronica. That made it very tragic, because Veronica was a wonderful mother to the boys and a big help to Harley. They were very happy.

The oldest boy, Charles, along in the late '20's became very ill. They had him in Los Angeles in the hospital, and in Las Vegas in the hospital and he finally died. He was only about ten years old at the time.

Harley E. (they used to call him Emmet in those days to distinguish him from Harley) is now the president of a bank and Frontier Fidelity Savings and Loan Company, has an insurance business, and is quite a prominent citizen. It has been rumored at times that he would run for governor; I don't know whether he has that in mind. Harley Sr. at one time ran for governor against Richard Kirman. He was defeated in the primary which was a

great disappointment to Harley. However, he was appointed Public Service Commissioner and they moved to Carson City. Then after he left that job, he became representative for the Western Trucking Association which position he held until he died.

Harley's surviving son, Harley Emmet has followed in his father's footsteps as a political power. He married Cleo Katsaros and they have two young sons, Harley L. and Jeffrey Emmet.

In those days, party organization was not of too much importance. At the beginning of an election season, the heads of the party would come around to the different officers and get a donation of \$5.00 or \$10.00 or whatever they could pry out of them. They'd have a few rallies and meetings, but election did not seem to depend particularly on the party you belonged to. If the voting public liked you, they didn't make any difference either. They voted the way they felt about the person.

At the time I was county clerk, I was a Republican and Sam Gay was a Republican. Bill Stewart, county commissioner, was a Republican, Harley Harmon and Judge Orr were Democrats. Henry Rice and James Cashman were Democrats. I'm sure that the treasurer was a Democrat and I think the recorder at that time was a Democrat. The Democrats were a little in the majority, but it didn't seem to be a matter of personality. Speaking of Sam Gay brings to mind a number of memories. He was a great big, almost 300-pound man. He was tall and big-boned and carried plenty of flesh. He always wore a big ten-gallon hat. Sam had driven a horse-hauled street car in San Diego. Then he came to Las Vegas, and ran for sheriff and was elected.

During his term of office, he apparently did something that was questioned and taken

to trial. He was impeached and thrown out of office. I think this was in his second term as sheriff that this happened. He ran the very next election and got elected again.

My experience with Sam Gay when I was county clerk was rather amusing. Every month he had to file his report with the list of fees and the money he owed the county. They were usually right on the dot. On one occasion, I found he had paid about three dollars too much. I said to him when he came up the stairs, "I think, Mr. Gay, you made a little mistake on your report." He said, "I never make mistakes, Florence, I never make a mistake." (He had the worst fitting false teeth I've ever seen on anybody. He'd stand in front of you at the desk and chomp these things.) I said, "But you overpaid." He said, "I never make a mistake, leave it." He wouldn't take his three dollars back because he never made a mistake.

Another amusing incident was when my father was postmaster. He had to quit because he wanted to go back to Washington to lobby for the Boulder Dam bill, but for several years he was postmaster. Pop had heard that there was a band of safecrackers around, planning to crack some of the safes in Las Vegas. Someone had told him once that if you put an open bottle of ammonia in a safe, when the explosion went off, the fumes would drive the safecrackers out; they couldn't stand these fumes, it would just overcome them. Pop told this to Sam, and Sam was real pleased. He went all over town telling all the merchants to put an open bottle of ammonia in their safe. Then he came to Pop and he said, "Charlie, I have a real good piece of advice. Now you put an open bottle of ammonia in your safe just in case there should be safecrackers around." He couldn't remember that Pop had told him in the first place. He was a real character.

Henry Rice was a farmer who lived in Logandale for years. He was one of the most

wonderful old men that I have ever known. His wife had been dead for years, but he was so kindly and had quite a little sense of humor. He worked very hard. He was getting along pretty well in years then. At the time that I became county clerk, C. C. Boyer was sent down here by the Highway Department as division engineer. He had just come from the California Highway Department, where he was stationed at Bishop. He heard they were looking for division engineers over here, so he went to Carson City and applied (he was just a district engineer in California) and they sent him to Las Vegas. Soon after he arrived, the county commissioners hired him also as an advisor to them on county roads. They used to make long trips—the commissioners and C. C.—all over the county to figure out what they could do with the money they had. Henry always went along and was no more trouble than anybody else.

That's where I first became acquainted with C. C. when he came down here. I saw him frequently in the office and in the county commissioners meeting and so forth. That was the real love affair of my life. We were married in 1924 and had almost forty years of life together. Every one of them was wonderful in spite of troubles we had and so forth. He was a really wonderful person. When my younger son was home at Christmas time, he said to me, "Mother, I've known two real gentlemen in my life. One was my grandfather, and the other was my step-father."

When my husband first came to Las Vegas in October, 1920, I think it was October 22, he left Carson City with Howard toy, who was then assistant state highway engineer. They had an old Ford car and they traveled to Tonopah the first day. Mr. Loy said, "Well now we have to get an early start tomorrow." C. C. said, "Well, why such an early start? It is only about 200 miles to Las Vegas." Howard

said, "We aren't going to Las Vegas tomorrow. We are going to Beatty; it's only ninety miles." C. C. said, "Well, why just that distance?" He found out. It took them ten hours to travel the ninety miles from Tonopah to Beatty, because it was before they had done any construction on the roadbed. These old trails were rutted, and they bogged down, and they had to dig themselves out. He found out why they would only be going to Beatty. The next day was long—the trip into Las Vegas—but the going was not quite so bad.

C. C. never went out without two five-gallon cans of water, a five gallon can of gas, a shovel, food, extra tires and so forth.

The first job he had was building the bridge over the Virgin River. The old bridge had collapsed, and they had planned a new bridge. Later on, they constructed the highway from Las Vegas to Bunkerville and Mesquite. At that time, he wanted to go by the route that the present highway does, skipping Bunkerville entirely. The politicians couldn't go for that; they had to cross the river and go to Bunkerville, then they had to cross the river again and come back to Mesquite. Now the highway scoots right by; it doesn't touch Bunkerville at all. In those days, when he had to go to Bunkerville, it was a two-day trip or probably three. He drove up one day, spent the next day around Bunkerville, or Mesquite, and drove back the third day. Now you can drive to Bunkerville in less than three hours easily. It made quite a change.

Two of the earliest employees C. C. had here in the highway department were Mike Leavitt and Joe Stephens. I guess Mike Leavitt was the earliest. He was such a faithful employee for so many years. We went to his father's funeral.

His father had two wives in Bunkerville in the days when polygamy was permitted. At the time they passed the manifesto, he wouldn't

desert either one of them. He had two houses on the same block in Bunkerville, one on one corner and one on the other corner. Aunt Ada lived in one and Aunt Luella lived in the other. Each one had eleven children. C. C. always used to say of old Mr. Leavitt that he was one of the few men whose word was as good as a bond. He was a perfectly fine and honorable old gentleman. In the early days after it got so travel wasn't too hard between here and Bunkerville, Mr. Leavitt would come over here and bring both wives; he never left one at home. They would go to a dance and he would dance with first one and then the other. He was a remarkable old man and they were remarkable women. They got along, they raised wonderful families. At his death in the middle of the summer, C. C. and I drove over to Bunkerville where they had the funeral. All the twenty-two children were there. He had been a very good church member so he had an outstanding funeral. Mike's wife died a number of years ago. He had several very fine sons. Young Mike Leavitt is one of them; he was justice of the peace. He ran for district attorney in the last election. Mike Sr. right now is very active in the World War I veterans. He was in the first World War.

Joe Stephens was married to Lavina Dudley; her family had been prominent in Fallon for many years. Joe was C. C.'s foreman here in Las Vegas for quite a long time. They still live here. I see them quite often. They had one daughter, Billy, who was married to Frank E. Scott. There were two children, Richard and Elizabeth, both married and living here with their families. Billy and Frank are divorced. Lavina's brother, Walter Dudley, and his wife lived in Ely when we were there. He was a Standard Oil agent in Ely, had been there for many years. They just left there this last fall. Now they live in Reno. He retired. Walter died last spring and Gladys is in a hospital.

In those days we were still plagued with the late summer thunder showers, because we would have a thunder storm at night and it would wipe out many feet of highway and flood things. Often we got a telephone call in the middle of the night that some piece of highway had been wiped out or the culverts washed out. C. C. and Joe Stephens would go out and place lanterns, and figure on what they had to do the next day to put it back in shape to travel over it. I said at the time that he might just as well have been a doctor; he wouldn't have had to go out any more than he did as a highway engineer.

At election in 1926, I had decided to retire. Henry Rice and Jim and Bill Stewart came to me and said, "Oh, please run." The whole idea was that they were used to working with me and they didn't want to change. I consented to, but I was defeated by Bill Scott, who was a member of the Democratic party. He was married to Helen Scott who is now Helen Scott Reed. She was county clerk for many years. She just retired this year. I really wasn't sorry that I was defeated. I was sorry I consented to run. I had wanted to stop.

For a number of years after that I was with Pop in the printing office and helped on *The Age*. Then in 1935, after Kirman's election, C. C. was suddenly transferred to Ely. He had been division engineer here all that time. The reason given was that being a Republican, he had so many more Republicans on the payroll than he did Democrats. After the transfer was over somebody took the trouble to check, and it seems he had about seventeen Democrats and about six Republicans on the payroll. That was just a little political maneuver.

In those days when the officials from Carson City came down here, there was one coming every few weeks. C. C. always used to call up and say, "Can I bring so-and-so home to dinner?" There might be two or three or

four. I never once said no, because he had never been able to have people, and he liked company. At five o'clock I'd get out of the office or wherever I was and go and shop and tear home with a big of groceries and have dinner ready around six or a little after. We just loved having them, and he enjoyed it so much. We loved the years we spent in Ely because Ely, like so many mining camps, was a very cosmopolitan place. When we left Las Vegas, I was just heartsick. I just hated to leave my mother and father; I thought they needed me.

Helen Baker (at the time)—she is now Helen Baker Lewis—moved here from Ely. Her husband, Guy Baker, had been district attorney in Ely, and was defeated for reelection. They moved to Las Vegas in 1929 and lived in a house that we rented for a little while, so we got pretty well acquainted with them. She had so many friends in Ely. She wrote to them all, so when we had to go there, we had a wonderful time.

There were so many people, the Tom Smiths, the Jay Brintons, the O. G. Bates, the Percy Hulls, the Floyd Jardins, the John Kinnears from McGill, the Frank Huffers from McGill, the Vail Pittmans, and Watt and Mabel Bishop. We had a really wonderful time. The dinner parties in Ely in those days, the big parties particularly, they gave at the Hotel Nevada. The men always wore tuxedos and the women evening clothes, which was quite a change from here.

We arrived in Ely in early June, and summer in Las Vegas was already well settled in; there had been a lot of hot weather. We arrived in Ely, and the trees were just getting out well. They were all fresh and green. The temperature was somewhere in the eighties; we thought it was delightful. Everybody that you met on the street said, "My, isn't this a scorcher!" I thought they should have a chance to spend a day or two in Las Vegas

That winter Mr. Boyer kept the highways open, which was the first time this had happened, and everybody was very much pleased with it. We remained in Ely for five years exactly.

Then Bob Allen who was state highway engineer sent word that he was transferring my husband to Carson City. People were rather upset in Ely because C. C. had been keeping the highways open, and they were very happy with him. It happened that he went out one day to one of the maintenance stations, and found the man in charge putting state gas in his own car. C. C. tired him on the spot, but he happened to be a member of a rather prominent Democratic family in that county, so they started trouble right away. The Ely people wanted to protest, but Bob Allen told them rather flatly that he didn't want any protest.

With C. C. things were either right or they were wrong; if they were wrong, why that was it. It you were working for the state, and did something on state time, and it wasn't right, that was the end as far as he was concerned. It doesn't always work that way in politics; there are degrees of right and wrong.

We moved to Carson City, and C. C. was in the office there as assistant engineer until he retired. We loved Carson City. It was a different kind of life than Ely, but it was such a pretty little town with many wonderful people.

Before we bought our home, we lived in a little house on Musser Street next door to Mr. and Mrs. Sexton, the parents of Judge John Sexton. There were darling people. He had been the operator of the Eureka and Palisade railroad for years. At that time I think he was Public Service Commissioner. Both have died since. When they left Carson City they went to California.

We bought a house on Mountain Street. Our next door neighbors were George and Ida Egan. He had been in the Highway Department for years. Judge and Mrs. E. J. L. Taber lived in the second house from us. Billy and Jen Holcomb lived across the street, and the Bob Jepsen also lived across the street. Judge Frank and Carol Gregory lived right behind us. We had a very pleasant ten years while we were in Carson.

I had mentioned Frank and Carol Gregory living back of us. Judge Gregory's parents and his aunt lived across the street from us. His grandfather had been governor—he was appointed lieutenant governor and then was governor for a while—his name was Frank Bell. Frank Gregory's father had retired from active business, but while they lived there, he became county auditor and recorder. He filled the position for several years. They were very pleasant old folks.

Frank's aunt, Miss Agnes Bell, had taught school for many years in Reno and lived at the Colonial Apartments. Before her death she came over and lived with the old folks there on Mountain Street.

While we were in Carson City, I went to St. Peter's Episcopal Church where Father Arthur Kean and his wife Ruby were. He had been rector here in Las Vegas for some years at Christ Church and then they were sent to Carson City. That old church is close to 100 years old now. It had a very beautiful pipe organ at the time, and I played the pipe organ for ten years while we were there.

The highway department employees took very little part in politics. There was the Hatch Act, which prohibited it in the first place, because Federal money was used a lot by the highway department. We didn't do much discussion of campaigns or issues. There were a number of Republicans and a number of

Democrats. We just voted as we saw fit, but we didn't take any part in election campaigns.

In 1945, Vail Pittman came to Carson City as governor as the result of Carville's resigning. Vail appointed him as United States Senator. Mrs. Pittman came some months afterward. She had to close up their business in Ely. Then they moved their furniture over.

I wish you could have seen that mansion when they first moved into it. The state hadn't done anything for years. Liz called me, and asked me to come up there and take a look at it just after she got there. I went up and saw that there was very little furniture in either of the living rooms. The carpets were ragged; upstairs you would practically catch your foot in them when you walked. And the most nondescript looking furniture: In the dining room they had a big mission oak dining table and plain wooden chairs, and then one of those green glass shades over the table. The era of a million years ago. Liz brought their own furniture over. They managed to get enough money out of the legislature, or out of the state funds anyway, to recarpet the downstairs part of the house. They got rid of a lot of the old furniture. She had some very lovely furniture. When she got through, it didn't look like the same place. I believe now, since the Sawyers have been there, that they have done quite a bit to the house and are spending a little money on it. The kitchen was so antiquated. Everything needed something done to it, painting or new curtains or new drapes. It is a lovely old house, the rooms are large and it is delightful, but I will never forget how it looked when I first went in.

I saw quite a bit of Liz and Vail during the time they were in Carson City and enjoyed them very much. I remember once we were there to dinner, and Mabel Bishop from Reno was there, too. They employed a

housekeeper, but they had extra help from the prison—trusties. I saw Vail and Liz go out in the kitchen, and then in a few minutes we saw Vail coming downstairs with his gun in his hand. We were all kind of excited. There were a couple of trusties that had come from the prison to wait on table. The two of them had called a cab driver from downtown and had him bring them up a fifth of liquor. While we were visiting, they were getting pretty well organized out in the kitchen. They got it taken care of and had to send the men back to the prison. It was so startling to see Vail coming down the front stairs with this gun in his hand! I guess he thought he might have a little trouble. In 1944, before the war was over, they were looking for help in a number of the state offices so I went to work in the Employment Security Department. I was rather proud of myself, because I was fifty-four then and passed the examinations all right. I worked there until 1950, when we moved back to Las Vegas. I enjoyed it very much. Mr. Jimmie Layman was the head man, and Johnny Griffin was the next in authority. Professor Alden Pluinley was there then doing some statistical work and so was Edna May Hunt (she has since married). Her sister, Bonna, Mary Williams, Lottie Scott and Ruby Kean were working in the office then. It was a very pleasant place to work and I enjoyed it.

During the time we lived in Carson City, my son John and his wife Betty, and his family moved there from Salt Lake City. At the time they had two little girls, Kathleen and Susan, since then they have had a boy, Johnny, and two more girls Patty and Debbie. They lost one little boy before Johnny was born. John works in the State Printing. Kathleen received her degree in science from the University in 1965 and was married to Robert Parker of Winnemucca in March 1966. They reside in

Whittier, California. Bob works for North American Aviation Company in the research department in Downey, and Kathy works for the American Potash Company as a junior chemist. Susan graduated from the University in 1966, and has been teaching German in one of the Reno junior high schools. She will be married in June to Brian O'Shaughnessy of Salt Lake City. Johnny graduated from Carson High School in 1966 and is attending the school of Journalism at the University of Nevada. Patty is in High School and Debbie nearing the end of elementary school.

The election of 1950 was quite a surprise to all of us. While I'm a Republican, I was for Vail because we had been very close friends for quite a while. I had the feeling that Vail Pittman had a great deal of integrity. I liked Charlie Russell and admired him, but, of course, I didn't know him as well. There was a close friendship between us and the Pittmans. We had planned to leave Carson City the last of November. Mr. Boyer had retired and I thought that I must come down here and take care of my parents.

That election night we had dinner at Pittman's, and we were rather bemoaning the fact that we were going to be moving away and not seeing them after. We watched the returns come in. We were simply stunned. Charlie kept pulling ahead in the north, but we said, "Well, when the returns come in from Clark County, that's going to put Vail over by a good shot." The Clark County returns didn't do that; Vail didn't get a big majority there.

Charlie Russell's election was principally due to the feud between Vail and Senator McCarran. It had been of quite long standing. McCarran backed Charlie, and being a real politician with the know-how, he was able to get Charlie elected. I think Charlie Russell made a very good governor. It was just such a surprise, because nobody, at least no one

I talked to, thought that Charlie could be elected. It just goes to show, you can't tell when you're in politics. Other people who were close friends at that time were Lee and Lottie Scott and John and Margaret Ross. Jack Ross became a Federal judge sometime after that. Their daughter Jackie married Paul Laxalt, who has just become Governor of Nevada.

One of our neighbors was Mrs. Emmet Walsh who was the widow of Judge Emmet Walsh. They lived in Goldfield in the very early days. He was judge in Nye County. His family owned quite a bit of acreage at the canyon in Carson City. After his death, Mrs. Walsh moved up to Carson City and built a very nice home on some of the acreage and sold some of the rest of it. Her daughter, Florence Doan, who was a widow, lived with her. Florence had her son Bill with her. She was a registered nurse and worked in Dr. Fred Anderson's office.

My brother, Herbert, at the time was stationed at Carson City. He had been with the Highway Department for about fifteen years at that time. He began going around with Florence Doan. The Doans were an early time family from Tonopah. Florence and Herbert were married that first surer that we were in Carson City, in Mrs. Walsh's home. They had a very happy life until Herbert died in February of 1965. They lived in Reno. About 1941 or 1942, they bought a home on Humboldt Street, where they lived and where my sister-in-law still lives. We always thought it kind of amusing because I used to be Florence Squires and now we have another Florence Squires in the family. Mrs. Walsh died about the late '50's. She sold her home in Carson City and went to live with Herbert and Florence, but she didn't live too long after she went over there.

When C. C. decided to retire, we were reminded that we had always wanted to come

back to Las Vegas, because that was home. At that time my father was about eighty-five and my mother was eighty-two, so felt somebody should be with them. We had planned to buy a house here. I remember asking my father if he knew of any good houses that were for sale. He said, "Well, I know of a lot of \$5,000 houses that are for sale for \$16,000."

When we got here my parents didn't want to move. The little house that I still own on Seventh Street was a pleasant little house and adequate for two people. It had steep basement stairs; my father had his office and study downstairs. When Mother made trips up and down those stairs, we were simply scared to death all the time. There were stairs from the dining room down into the living room. The house was inadequate for two families.

Finally in 1956, I knew C. C. was not comfortable or happy. There was no privacy. There was one bathroom for two very old people and two people a little younger. When a man has been used to having his own home it isn't pleasant. I couldn't get them to move. We had looked at house after house that would be adequate for us. To begin with, they would say they would move, and then when we would about get the deal made, they would decide they wouldn't move. My daughter Alice and her husband, Clinton Campbell had been here for some time. He was an insurance adjuster. He was located in Phoenix, and then he was sent over here with the General Adjustment Bureau. The subdivision where I live now was just being opened up, so they bought a house and moved in. That was in 1956. When they had been here about six months, he was transferred to Portland, Oregon. They had this house on their hands so we just took the house over and moved in.

In a lot of ways it made it harder for me because I made several trips a day down to the

folks' and to do the shopping. I was worried to death most of the time. They got along for about two years when my father had a little series of strokes. One afternoon, my mother called up and said, "Your father has fallen in the bathroom and I can't get in."

I got in the car and took Jerry Erickson, the neighbor across the street with me. At that time C. C.'s grandson by his first marriage, young C. C. III, was living with us. He had just graduated from the University and was here for the summer. He went with us down there. He finally managed to get the bathroom door pushed open enough so he could get in. He picked my father up and we put him in bed. That was the later part of July. He died on August 12. It was just nine days short of their sixty-ninth wedding anniversary.

Then Mother insisted that she wanted to stay on. We got a woman to stay with her who was not particularly congenial.

5

CONCLUSION

It seems strange after so many years of having a big family around to be so much alone. Out of the six in our family, there are just my younger brother and myself left. My oldest brother James died in 1942 of cancer, and my next brother Herbert died last year in Reno. I am fortunate to have so many close friends of the years that we all grew up together and raised our families.

I try to keep busy, because if you are busy doing something all the time you don't get so lonesome and you don't feel useless. I think I have had a very good life, I have been married to two men who were very good to me and have a nice family, though the children are grown up.

I have mentioned my son John and his family. My daughter, Alice Campbell has never had any children. She remarked once, "It just isn't fair for John to have five children and me not even one."

My younger son, Charles Squires Doherty was a Lt. J. G. in the navy during the second World War. He had graduated from the University of Nevada, and after the war,

graduated from Western Reserve Law School. He married Genevieve Recher of Dayton, Ohio, and they have one lovely daughter, Charla, and a few months later, Mother fell and broke her hip. She was in the hospital for about ten weeks. She made a very good recovery. She was able to get around a little longer. I brought her home then and that was in 1958, I believe. She died in 1961, about three years later.

In mentioning C. C. III, I recall what a comfort this young man has always been to us. He is the son of C. C. Jr. (C. C.'s son by his first marriage.) C. C. Jr. has always been called Bob, and C. C. III has always been Bobbie. He made his home with us during most of his high school years and while he was in college. He graduated from the University of Nevada school of engineering, then did his stint in the army (most of it in Korea). After his discharge from the army he went to work for the Department of Highways in Los Angeles. He and his wife Shirley have one three year old son, Todd. Bobbie said he decided the Charles Carrolls had gone far enough. C. C. was able

to see his great grandson a few weeks before he died. who is making a name for herself in television and movies.

My youngest and only surviving brother, Charles Russell Squires, attended the University of Nevada, then worked for the Las Vegas Age for several years. He has been with the Los Angeles Times for over thirty years. He and his wife, Marion, have two charming teenage daughters, Linda and Sharon.

I am comfortable, and able to take care of myself. I think that is one reason to give thanks for blessings. It has been sad this last few years to see men like Billy Ferron and Bill Beckley and Cyril Wengert pass on, but they all led wonderful lives and were a credit to their families and themselves. I realized recently, when I read about Mrs. Marion Cahlan's death that my mother's and my father's generation were gone, and that I had reached the point where I was one of the older generation instead of one of the younger generation.

I realize that in recording my memories of the past sixty-one years I have failed to mention a number of pioneer families whose contributions to Las Vegas history were as important as those I have mentioned. There were the Westlakes, Pines, Aplins, Shepparts, Doyles, Sullivans, O'Riles, Cashmans, Gusewelles, Taleys, Carrolls, and other. A number of these have been recorded in detail by my father.

I have tried to recall particularly those whose lives touched mine in those early years and with whom I have had a more or less intimate association.

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